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**The
Poets' Library**

The Poets' Library

Arranged and Compiled
by
Arthur H. Stockwell

VOLUME IX

• LONDON
ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL, LTD.
29 LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4

~~PUBLISHERS'~~ PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The ~~arrangement~~ arrangement of the Poems is in no way indicative of merit. Each Poem is accepted on the simple conditions of the Competition.

Volume X is in course of preparation, and writers are invited to submit their efforts. Full particulars and Entry Form free.

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'TWIXT EARTH AND HEAVEN

Rambling far, one glorious day,
In leafy lanes of Somerset,
I found a church, just hid away—
The mem'ry of it lingers yet.

To rest awhile from heat and glare,
I sought its welcome noontide shade ;
And there I stayed and offered prayer—
For all who sojourned there, I prayed.

I reached the door, my road to tread,
But fancy held me very still ;
Such glory did the sunshine shed
O'er meadow, river, vale and hill.

Between two worlds I seemed to stand :
The strangest fancy held me there—
Before, the world of men so grand,
Behind, the world of peace and prayer.

Then, as my love to Earth was giv'n,
Deep in my heart I prayed again,
I ne'er might turn my back on Heav'n
Whilst loving this fair world of men.

GEO. J. ADAMS.

THE LAND OF WHISPERING HILLS

A lingering sunset bids the day good-bye,
Trailing its Radiance across a crimson sky ;
From out the purple shadows of the night,
Fancy doth weave sweet visions of delight.
As shadows steal, my heart with wonder fills,
And I behold a Land of Whispering Hills.

As in a dream, till stars begin to pale,
I ride along some long forgotten trail,
Where, once, perhaps, Moccasined feet swift trod
And Indian hearts called to an "Unknown God."
My senses quicken with a thousand thrills
While night enfolds the Land of Whispering Hills.

Then comes the dawn my eager eyes to greet—
Along the trail who knows what I may meet?
Some Feathered Chief may even pass along,
Chanting some weird and well-worn battle-song ;
Or I may hear ring through the forest glade,
An Indian's love-call to his mountain maid.

To drowse beside a camp-fire's glow at night,
And take the trail again with morning light,
This Gipsy heart might then contented be ;
To-morrow's cares no more could trouble me,
I wand'ring where my heart might long to roam,
Wild as the winds that sweep the prairie home.

Must I recall, 'tis just a hazy dream—
Only a trick of shadows it would seem.

Vainly I strive to wake my sleeping heart ;
It slumbers on, and in a world apart,
Until at last, some day, if God so wills,
It wakens in The Land of Whispering Hills.

JOSEPHINE ALVEY.

MORNING GLORIES

Oh, lovely, lovely light,
That heralds in the dawn
When winking stars fast take their flight,
And Aurora pinks the morn.

Then blows the hunter's horn,
Fauns slowly creep from sight ;
Then see the waving heads of corn,
And hear the lark's song in its might !

The glories of a storm,
The thunder and the strife,
These are the morning glories
When the Sun breaks into sight.

With the heaven-blue morning glory rise,
The morning flowers sublime—
These and others are supreme.
Rise up early, see the sheen
That covers the lawn in its armoured green
In a world awake
All sparkling with the dew of day-break.

ELIZABETH BISPHAM PAGE ATKINSON.

A FRAGMENT AND A MEMORY

I wandered up a winding lane,
With downcast eyes and heavy heart,
The shadows of others' sorrows
Falling darkly o'er my path.
Entering an open gateway,
I stood transfixed!—shadows grew light—
At the beauty spread before me.

A verdant meadow, green as only English meadows are,
Sloped gently to a hidden stream,
Which made sweet, soothing music, as it sped upon its way,
'Tween banks alive with waving grasses.
Above them rose a group of trees, each stem a silvery
sheen,
Each leaf a fragile amber disc,
Which trembled in October's breeze, against a sky soft-
flecked
With floating clouds, on palest blue.

And soaring high above the Birch, stood out a stately
Beech,
Its crown of leaves, all tawny bronze,
And warmly burnished copper, touched by rays of setting
sun.
Nearby a Hornbeam-tree, arrayed
In royal robes; one vivid mass of glorious reds and golds.
Close at my feet, a tangled bush
Wrapped round about, with clinging trails of crimsoning
Brambles
Enriched with purple of ripe fruit,
Gave back the burning tints of rose and gold from trees
o'erhead.

With awe, I gazed. 'Twas Holy Ground !
My eyes with unshed tears grew dim ; old memories,
 like waves,
Swept back to mind, forgotten words ;
Again, I heard a well-loved voice pleading in earnest
 prayer,
“ Give us, dear Lord, the eyes that see,
The ears that hear, the *heart* that deeply thrills to Beauty's
 touch,
The *soul* that humbly bends the knee
In lowly reverence at the feet of The Creator Artist,
Omnipotent ! Divine ! ”

LUCY A. AUSTIN.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere, within these dark confines
Of grey, dull mists, and ill-starred times
Of retrogressions, fears and crimes,
And anxious cares of harassed minds,
 A hope is shining.

Somewhere, amidst this deep unrest
Of fearful hearts, and faith hard pressed
By lingering doubts from East and West,
Though all the world thinks it knows best—
 A silver lining !

Somewhere, above this constant fear
Of present death that seems so near,
Above this pain that knows no tear,
Above these cliffs that rise so sheer,
 A star is climbing.

Somewhere, in spite of plans gone wrong,
In spite of pain, of friends long gone,
Of griefs that tear the listless throng,
Of souls that seem to miss all song—
 A calm resigning !

C. J. BAKER.

WHEN PAN PIPES

Hush ! the Summer Dusk is falling,
As it's fallen since Time began :
Listen ! can't you hear them calling
Thro' the dim, sweet-scented hour, entralling,
The Magic Pipes of Pan ?

Hear it faintly thro' the twilight,
That music low and sweet !
Then comes, from somewhere 'neath the starlight,
'Neath the Silver Summer moonlight,
A sound, like Dancing Feet.

The Gods are dead and gone, they say,
Dim is the faith of Man ;
But in the hearts of Youth they live for aye,
Their echoes linger on alway—
The Magic Pipes of Pan !

Take my hand, and let us wander
Where the wild rose palely gleams,
Seeking, 'midst the shadows yor der,
Him with whom we fain would linger—
The Piper of Life and Dreams.

Then stay with me—when the June night falls,
There's life in the heart of Man ;
And Love entralls.
And Life's music calls
In the Eternal Pipes of Pan.

M. BALDOCK.

SADNESS

Once sauntering down a leafy lane,
I met a man with greying hair ;
His eyes were sad, so full of pain :
" You are in trouble, my friend," I said ;
" If I can help do not refrain
From allowing me to give you aid."

Slowly he turned and looked at me,
And said, as he gently shook his head,
" No one can help me now, thank ye !—
I've lost the best pal a man could have.
Ay ! the loneliest man on earth I be,
For my well-beloved wife is dead.

" We were together for forty year,
Yet ne'er a harsh word crossed our lips ;
Scarcely a heart-ache, never a tear ;
We were not rich, but not in want ;
Full of contentment, and nothing to fear—
Now she is gone, what shall I do ? "

Then he wished me a sad good-day ;
And, though full of pity, I envied him
As I watched him wearily go his way :
He had the echoes of forty years—
In time they'd help him, be his stay—
But not *one* Memory had I !

GRACE BALLARD.

ROBIN REDBREAST

To-day I wandered far afield ;
To my temptation I did yield,
For open space and woodland tree
Were irresistibly calling me.

I wandered on, and on, and on,
Till I reached the copse, but the leaves had gone !
And the tall trees stood like statues gaunt,
In this wood, which the woolly rabbits haunt.

A robin fluttered on a bough.
On seeing it, I asked it, " How
Is it that your breast's so red ? "
And this is what the robin said :

" Long, long ago in years gone by,
Upon a hill called Calvary,
There stood a cross, on which was One
Who the world's sins had bravely borne.

" Upon that thorn-torn brow of death
A robin rested, the legend saith,
And doing so, its breast was tainted
With His blood, ere that sad One fainted.

" And so, you see, we all are dyed
By Him Who thus was crucified."
He then flew off on rapid wing,
Perchance elsewhere that news to bring.

Although the wood was desolate,
And now the day was growing late,
The robin set my thought alight
For the remainder of the night.

ERIC BARKER.

SON OF MY HEART

Son of my heart, I am thinking to-day
Of all that the future may hold ;
So I pray you may win the great charm against sin
Those things never purchased with gold.

Son of my heart, I am wishing to-day,
May the years be enriched more and more !
May you live to the end, in the heart of a friend,
More than gold !—this is love's treasure store.

Son of my heart, I am hoping to-day,
May you have many days which are bright !
E'en though some may be sad, many more will be glad,
And things which go wrong will come right.

Son of my heart, I am wondering to-day,
On the years that are still unfulfilled :
May you keep all the way, to the end of the day,
A heart with fine courage instilled !

Son of my heart, I am praying to-day,
God protect you !—I know that He can—
His love cannot alter—that you will not falter,
But be what He made you—A MAN !

VIOLLET BARKER.

SOLILOQUY

When agony possessed my soul,
I went to sit beside the sea,
That I might find for voiceless grief
Expression in its threnody.

The waves which to their mood gave voice,
In murmurous tones along the shore,
Spoke as they have in ages past
And shall be heard for æons more.

A voice in frank and open mood,
Which spoke of all the things that be ;
Whilst I, a stranger to my thoughts !—
While Consciousness spoke not to me.

In me were thoughts unthought of me :
My Soul a mass of pent-up things
Waiting like children yet unborn,
Like nestlings waiting for their wings.

These waves which wander in and out,
In endless curves, along the sand,
They have no problems yet unsolved,
Nothing one may not understand.

Their voice is answer strictly given,
Expression of the force opposed ;
But mine may be perfunctory,
Bar to a door for ever closed.

The Sea is mistress of the sea,
And what She holds fits in her plan ;
But I hold things unrecognized,
Things that are greater than the Man.

If I could stay, unfretted, here,
Next save to Nature, like the Sea,
I should become as vibrant, too—
A note in Nature's harmony !

C. D. E. BARKER.

THE DREAMER

Soft moonbeams kissed the waters of the lake,
Which rippled with the stirring of a breeze,
In tune with gentle, softly rustling sound
That came from the tall over-shadowing trees.

A dreamer sitting by the water's edge,
His soul fired with the beauty of the scene,
Now raised his thoughtful eyes and deeply sighed—
"The world," he whispered "as it might have been !"

But what use dreamers in this busy world,
Where every man is out for gain and gold ?
The dreamer lives, and, all forgotten, dies,
His wondrous secrets one and all untold.

MARGARET BARNETT.

DARBY AND JOAN

For threescore years and ten, dear Wife,
We've battled with this world of strife ;
And, tho' it seems a little span,
We've passed the allotted time of man.

Through all these years, from early youth,
We've trusted in the God of truth ;
And He has surely been our stay
Through all the trials of the way.

Yea, through it all, we've always found
His love and mercy to abound ;
And He is just the same to-day,
Tho' you and I are old and grey.

And tho' sometimes we may have strayed,
And wandered on without His aid,
Yet did He safely bring us back
Into the blessed Heavenly track.

But now, as evening shadows creep,
And old friends round us fall asleep,
Our thoughts turn more to that bright Home
Where death and partings are unknown.

O God, Whose wondrous love and power
Can comfort give in life's last hour,
Do thou our feeble steps attend,
And lead us gently to the end.

B. BARTER.

A MIRAGE ON THE DESERT

Wherever you look, not the sign of a tree,
Nothing you see but sand,
For miles and miles as you travel thro'
This distant foreign land.
Your throat is parched, your lips are cracked,
And your body scorched by heat,
And you feel as if you were dragging a ton,
Instead of just two feet.
Then on the horizon you see, with delight,
A city, with trees and a well :
And it's just a mirage !—a desert sight,
Of which the tribesmen tell.
It has dashed the hopes of many a man,
When crossing the desert waste,
As he thought of the comforts awaiting him,
And to reach there, made more haste :
But, then, of a sudden, before his eyes,
This city would disappear,
And all he would see would be miles of sand—
And his heart would be filled with fear ;
For scattered across this desert wide,
Lie monuments, silent and grim :
And he prays to his God, to give him strength,
That death may not come to him.

EDGAR J. BENNETT.

THE COWARDS

We are the cowards immortal,
The men who quailed at Shame ;
Because we feared to face disgrace,
Undying is our fame.

We saw the chain and whip-lash
Which Persia brought for Greece,
And so we died at Marathon,
Lest Liberty should cease.

We paled beside our women.
When the Turk turned to the West,
Lest we should fail to beat him back
From those we loved the best.

Because we feared Dishonour,
And feared it more than Death,
Our glory is a living thing
In every passing breath.

From Marathon, from Salamis,
Senlac and Waterloo,
Trafalgar and Thermopylae,
Our spirits call to you ;

From lonely frontier block-house,
From city and from sea,
Wherever men have fought and died
To keep their brethren free.

All ye upon this world of ours,
Whence we so long have gone,
We cry you to the path again—
To your duty—Carry On!

D. F. BENNETT-TEDHAM.

A WISH

Oh, sweet the winds that softly play
O'er Irish moorlands brown,
Just at the parting of the day
When the summer sun sinks down!
Then, oh, to wander by the bank
Of a pleasant, warbling stream;
To see the night-mists spread their shrouds,
And to dream the poet's dream!

Would I were then by Dinan's banks,
With the hawthorn full in bloom;
When the lark's still soaring in the sky,
And lost in the gathering gloom;
When the dew is falling heavily
On the new-mown fields of hay;
When all is still, save the warbling rill
That sings the close of day!—
But from all that I'm far away,
Alas, I'm far away!

MICHAEL F. BERGIN.

FOREST REVERIES

Where musk and myrtle fill the air
With fragrance sweet, and gum-trees bend
Their long gaunt limbs o'er moss-grown rocks
And giant ferns, all wet with drops
Of silver spray that fly o'erhead
From waters hurl'd to depths below,
There rests my soul, and all is peace.
Black, twisted roots lie here, lie there,
In contrast to the gorgeous bloom
Of mountain buds of pink and white,
And scarlet hue that parrots love—
And all is peace! Here sassafras
And lilac, with its rag-like leaves,
Grow side by side; and round them both
The tender flower which we call Love,
Throws soft green coils, yet firm and strong.
It ever clings, tho' roughly torn
From time to time by passers-by,
And ever lives. And far away,
Like fairy harps the rustling trees
Give forth a sound of music sad,
Yet soothing sweet, that tines my heart
To Hope, to Joy. It tells me, too,
The Great Creator dwells with man
In palace, hut, in Life, in Death,
For all Eternity.

STELLA R. BLACK.

GOLDEN CAP ¹

Dear Golden Cap, I love thee,
As the sun doth love thee, too—

 The Sun,
That in his daily round doth plant á kiss,
And lights thy face with golden hues of bliss.

 Whilst thou,
As in the past, doth stand,
Sentinel o'er sea and land.

Snow-white clouds hang o'er thy head,
Beneath a sky of blue ;
At thy feet the endless water lies,
To reflect thy face in summer skies ;
Up thy slopes are fields of green,
Tempting in their summer sheen :
These now glorify thy view,
To show they love thee, too.

Ah ! Golden Cap, tho' we must part,
With the Seven Seas between,
 Thy face,
That God in nature loved amongst his blest,
Shall e'er remain alive within my breast ;
 Ne'er die,
But live in mem'ry's store,
My treasure for ever more.

HANS E. BOJESSEN.

¹ Golden Cap, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

" FRIENDSHIP "

Once I questioned, " What is friendship?—is it something
I can hold?

Shall I find it when I'm young, or must I wait till I grow
old? "

Someone turned, and looking at me, clasped my hand and
said:

" Friendship's not a fleeting fancy—'tis of the heart,
and not the head.

In generous giving lies the secret; understanding, too,
inspires;

These, with cheerfulness united, mean the lighting of
such fires

Which will not die 'tween you and me, e'en though our
life should end."

Our handclasp tightened, and I answered, " You will
always be my friend."

DULCIE V. BRENNAND.

DO NOT DESPAIR

When you feel heart-sick and weary,
Find day long with toil, and dreary,
Do not despair! for naught is wasted;
There yet remain joys to be tasted!
We all are part of the Universe,
In major or in minor verse;
And the universal music seemeth good.

S. L. BRIGHTON

AFTER THE SUNSET

Perhaps it is after the Sunset
That all our dreams come true,
That all our years,
With their joys and tears,
Lead up to what is our due.

Perhaps our days are joyless,
No soul to make us glad ;
But when Sunset comes
We have done our sums,
And are glad we've had what we've had.

Perhaps Childhood's tasks were dreary,
But the outside world was gay—
The birds were singing,
The bees were humming,
And we heard the donkey's bray ;

But our tasks had all to be finished,
No matter the longing and pain,
But the laughter and glee
When we'd learnt the "R's three,"
Banished tears in what was our gain.

Perhaps it is after the Sunset
When Life's tasks are all done,
We shall see quite clearly—
Though Life was so dreary—
That we've gained by doing our Sum.

S. L. BRIGHTON.

THE DOOM OF RUSSIA

Russia, poor Russia, thou art condemned to despair,
Thy race is bound to a fate most unfair ;
Thy inhabitants, steeped in mysticism,
Forget the truth of Life and its mechanism.
But strange to say, in highest merriment,
Thy village folk dance, sing and lament ;
For all Russians delight in pain,
Although a better life they always claim.
O strange and mystic land, whence oddities pour forth,
Thou art rightly named—Spain of the North !

And still thou couldst have known a brighter destiny ;
For shouldering Europe and Asia, likely
Thou couldst have been the centre of the world.
But in thy silly dreams thou hast been whirled,
And imagination, feverish and mad,
Has suckled from thy brains its most virile sap !

MARTIAL BOUTEILLE.

SOME STARLIT NIGHT

Some starlit night, when jasmines are in flower,
And Marechal-Niels hang golden in the moon . . .
When water-lilies fling their haunting fragrance
Across the shining stretch of the lagoon,
I shall come back to you, as once came Dante
To wait for Beatrice, his heart a-flame,
Consumed with yearning that could find no succour,
His solace but the breathing of her name.

Few spoken words shall mar the petalled silence—
What need of speech when hearts are so in tune?
As was their meeting transient as a rainbow,
So will departure come to us too soon;
But in that hour before the stillness wakens,
When troubled minds are groping in their dreams,
We shall be radiant . . . our brief communion
As beautiful as lotus-etching streams.

JESSIE MCINTOSH BROWN.

COMMUNION

My heart yearns for a quiet wood,
A place where one may find delight,
With wind and wildness to unite
To ponder things half understood.

To drain the wine of solitude,
And earth's compassion to invite,
My heart yearns for a quiet wood,
A place where one may find delight;

To chain white daisies and monk's-hood;
To count the swallows in their flight
Remotely skimming like a kite . . .
To do all this and find it good.

My heart yearns for a quiet wood,
A place where one may find delight.

JESSIE MCINTOSH BROWN.

EYES THAT DID NOT SEE

(Deploring the artificiality of Augustan Poetry)

Oh blind, blind, blind !

That saw not the poem in a labourer's face ;
That passed by beauty to conquer grace ;
That ate strange fruits in a sylvan glade,
And heeded not him that wielded the spade ;
That on nectared fruits and ambrosia fed,
And knew not the taste of humanity's bread ;
That lounged and dreamed in Elysian Fields,
While all around was life.

Oh deaf, deaf, deaf !

That heard not the joy in a street urchin's cry ;
That pondered on cloudlets and saw not the sky ;
That gambolled with dryads in faery lands,
And felt not the kiss of work-worn hands ;
That thrilled to the notes of the feathered throng
And heard not the bliss of a mother's song ;
That prattled of nymphs and mooning swains,
While all around were souls.

JANE BUCHANAN.

TRUE HAPPINESS

There's something even greater than
Silver or gold,
As you will find out later, ere
You're very old ;
'Tis true happiness ; 'tis that always brings
Days joyous, fourfold.

These earthly pleasures always bring
Trouble and sadness ;
These gems, that pretty diamond ring
Are only madness ;
They many happy days may bring—
Never true happiness.

The millionaire, the rich man who
Doth misery endure,
Cries out aloud that if he knew
A goodly cure,
His wealth he'd give, if happiness true
Would on him pour.

The monarchs, dukes, and stately lords,
Emperors and all,
Would e'en their titles sacrifice
For that great call,
True happiness, which, priceless, sets
Above misery's pall.

That priceless gift, true happiness,
In God is found ;
So trust in Him, repent your sin,
Then you'll abound .
In happiness true, a thing that wealth
Hath never found.

L. M. BUMFORD

TRAUME

(" Dreams ")

Suppose my dream came true at Thirty-Three,
And at one table, sat my Love, and Me?

Suppose my plans were disapproved by He,
Who plans more perfectly Life's plan for Me?

Suppose the Flower I prized should fade and die,
And love's sweet dream end swiftly, with a sigh?

Should I then prove a bruised reed,
Faltering, on lonely uphill fight, at every need,

Or call all Life from then, just Fate,
And with the dogs live but for living's sake!

Should I, without a hope, and broken heart,
Watch memory's Summer turn to Winter, cold and stark,

Or bid the lingering fragrance of my prized Flower,
Bear me up, on wings of Faith, from hour to hour,

Till near God's Garden, waiting, a Suppliant, and more
wise,
Perchance to see the Gardener Who plucked the Flower
I prized?

Still in a dream to fancy, I see Him passing by,
Arranging all the Flowers, that but His love could buy;

And knowing every one by name—such was the Gardener's
fame—

I see Him halt before a Flower, He knew from whence
it came.

Then stooping down to Earth, I see Him pluck another
Flower,
To plant where He did halt, within that Heavenly Bower.

Suppose the Gardener stood beside Me, so that my Soul
might see
How great His passion and His love for Flowers like you
and Me ;

How He delights to re-arrange His Flowers, until, in
time,
My fragrance—mine ! poor flower of earth !—blends with
the Flower I prized ?

Suppose my dream came true at Thirty-Three,
And at His table sat my love and Me ?

HAROLD BURGESS.

A WINTER'S EVENING

The moon hangs lonely in a sky of grey,
And small blue clouds, with edges reddening,
Sail slowly o'er the leaf-denuded trees.
The birds, their song a dirge for dying day,
Fly swiftly roost-wards on soft-sighing wing.
A hint of frost is in the fresh'ning breeze.

A horse, whose bed will be the chilly sward,
Picks greedily amongst the fairy rings.
The dog sprawls sleepily before the fire,
And dreams, perhaps, of rabbits running hard
Before his eager nose. The kettle sings
To welcome tea-time—end of toil and mire.

ALAN G. BURROW.

THE BROWN OWL'S LESSON

Alone I sat, all sore oppressed,
And hope lay dead within my breast,
 'Mid trials great :
Never again would life be glad ;
Always for me 'twould all be sad—
 It was my fate.

Then suddenly my soul was stirred—
I heard the hooting of a bird
 In tree so high !
That small, brown owl, "*Hoot ! hoot !*" he cries ;
He cares not for the darkened skies—
 I asked him "Why?"

He said, "I never see the sun,
But I sing praise when light there's none,
 To God above.
He made me not to bear the light,
That when it's dark I might have sight
 Where'er I rove."

My lesson from that bird I've learned—
"If from the path of faith I've turned,
 Lord, give me light.
Help me, O God, and make me see,
Like that brown owl in yonder tree,
 In darkest night."

DOROTHY M. BURT.

WILLOWS

I'm wandering, 'neath the Willows, Weeping-Willows,
Where the river-bank is fringed with emerald blades ;
I talk to them, the sad and restless Willows,
And sit beneath their gentle quivering shades.

Oh, I'm wandering, 'neath you, Willows, Weeping
Willows,

And I'm list'ning to the River rushing by.

Why are you always weeping, Weeping-Willows ?
Do you mourn the whole world's woe—or only mine ?
There's gladness somewhere—I can hear it, Willows—
The echo of a joy that is divine—

Oh, I'm sitting 'neath you, Willows, Weeping-Willows,
And I'm list'ning to the River rushing by.

There's Love around, and Laughter somewhere, Willows ;
Can't you hear the Thrushes' hymn and hear the Lark ?
There's God above—and Heaven, Weeping-Willows,
And *always* Day is born from out the dark.

So I'm kneeling 'neath your shadows, Weeping
Willows,

And I'm praying whilst the River rushes by !

BLANCHE BYROM.

RESIGNATION

Have you read that touching story? It fell upon a day,
That a little boy of Shunem in the harvest-field would play,
And watch the busy reapers gather in the Golden Grain—
Then suddenly they heard him cry as if in bitter pain!

They took him to his mother, this Shunammitish boy.
He'd left her but that morning, so full of life and joy,
And now she must resign him, for the Angel, Death, had
 come,
And cast its darkened Shadow on that bright and happy
 home.

On him her hopes had centred, for all the coming years;
She by his "cradle-pillow" may have offered many
 prayers!

Among her own dear kindred, she only asked to dwell—
Yet, in humble resignation, hear her answer, "It is well."

Her care no longer needed, she leaves him now "at rest";
"It shall be well," she answers—The Father's will is best!
Though sad her heart, and broken, she stoops to kiss the
 Rod,
And then, with eager steps, she hastens to meet the "Man
 of God."

"Is it well," Gehazi asks her, "with thy husband—with
 the child?"

For he knew not that her heart was rent with anguish
 fierce and wild

Though her trembling lips might falter as she tried to
 break the spell,

Yet, in humble resignation, she answers, "It is well."

"It shall be well *Hereafter*!"—Those we parted from
in pain,
Will with us be reunited, in the "One Great Head"
again;
And with warmer clasp of friendship, we shall grasp each
other's hand,
All our griefs and tears forgotten, in that bright and
"better land."

"It shall be well in *Glory*!" Here we know God but
in part—
We see so very darkly through this sin-enshrouded heart;
When the angels strike the key-note, all His wondrous
love to tell,
Shall our hearts make joyful echo, that "He hath done
all things well."

ANNE TAYLOR CARR.

IN MEMORIAM

And when they had passed over, all the trumpets
sounded for them on the other side.—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

The river they have passed over,
- The gates were opened wide,
The golden gates of Glory,
There—on the other side.

The Heavenly Host was waiting
.(The trumpets, were tuned and tried,
The songs of triumph bursting),

They held out their hands in greeting,
Their arms they were opened wide,
To welcome Home our warriors,
There—on the other side.

The word of command was given—
With the swell of a mighty tide ;
Heaven's arches rang with the trumpets,
There—on the other side.

Heaven's arches rang with the music,
The trumpeters played with pride,
As our heroes were escorted in,
There—on the other side.

Escorted with honour and glory—
Our boys who so nobly died—
To their place in the Heavenly Mansions,
There—on the other side.

Our hearts throb and thrill as we listen,
Our tears are for ever dried,
They are now with their Great White Comrade,
Safe—on the other side.

LOIS E. COATES.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER!"

Oh, be of good cheer,
Though times may appear
To be somewhat depressing!
When business is slack,
The future looks black,
And things may be distressing.

Oh, be of good cheer!
If Jesus is near,
No ill can overtake thee;
To rich and to poor,
His promise is sure—
"I will never forsake thee."

Whatever thy trial,
Just bide a wee while
And see God's love entwining;
Behind yon dark cloud,
Though thunders are loud,
There lurks a silvery lining.

What Jesus does *now*,
We never may know
Till we have crossed death's river;
Then we shall behold
Grand mysteries unfold,
And praise His Name for ever.

Oh, be of good cheer,
Though things may appear
To be somewhat depressing!
Do thou thy part,
Trust God, and take heart,
Then all will change to blessing.

GEORGIANA THIRZA CHILD.

DREAM GARDEN

I know an old-world garden,
A dreamland of delight,
Where bees are always buzzing,
And the sun is always bright :
Great oak-trees cluster round it,
Full of shadow, charm and light,
While a brooklet warbles blithely,
Wending on with all its might.

Tall hollyhocks stand by sunflow'rs,
Carnations, roses sweet,
Lilies on their stately stems,
The pinks that are so meek !
Pansies raise their dainty heads,
The look of love to catch,
While marigolds and mignonette
Stand out in one great patch.

I linger in this garden,
I dream upon this lawn ;
I listen as the nightingale
Trills out its wonder song.
The lark will add its music,
Soaring upward to the sky,
The cuckoo sounds her discordant note—
My dream-garden, Good-bye !

WINIFRED GRACE CHIVERTON.

A GARDEN

A Garden is a lovely sight,
With flowers of every hue ;
They're Nature's handiwork alone,
No human touch, 'tis true.

Their scents are soothing and so sweet ;
At their request we stay
To pluck those wondrous blossoms fair,
That cheer the weary way.

What mysteries they thus unfold,
With colours all so gay ;
Their numbers are too numerous—
O'er us they hold the sway.

The snowdrops droop their little heads,
As if to weep and sigh ;
The little violet 'neath the hedge,
In modesty doth lie.

Hollyhocks, too, and sunflowers tall,
How gaunt they towering stand ;
They gaze upon the smaller gems,
As if they hold command.

Pansies there are with faces bright,
So velvety and soft,
So rich and deep in colouring,
We stand amazed, and oft.

At many more as beautiful
As these sweet emblems there,
So graceful, that we ought to tend
Them with the utmost care.

An *Unseen Hand* lies all around,
These, Nature's gifts, bestowed ;
An *Unseen Hand* most wonderful,
Most powerful and most good !

G. E. COATES.

THE STORM

Ominous silence,
Air hot and still ;
Earth scarcely breathing,
Low murm'ring rill.
All nature is waiting,
As often, in vain
For cool whisp'ring breezes
And soft splashing rain.
Flashes the lightning !
Crashes the thunder !
All nature's waiting
In silence and wonder.
Down comes the rain,
Gentle at first ;
Then, with great rush and roar,
The deluge has burst.

.
The wild storm is over,
The dark cloud is past ;
The sun comes out gleaming,
Peace reigns at last.
Birds break into song,
And the whispering trees
Give thanks unto God
For the rain on their leaves.

O. M. COLLIER.

GOD OF MERCY

Pale and worn, the woman at the tub

Earns a pittance by incessant rub.

Since her man had lounged about the pub,

'Twas the only way to get the grub.

Her little nippers must be fed,

And that meant grind till time for bed.

Rubbing, scrubbing, slaving, as her daily round,

Harassed, tortured nightly by a drunken hound,

God of mercy ! where, for her, may peace be found ?

Tattered pedlar, weary, worn and poor,

Gets what food he can from door to door.

Consequent upon his sordid state

There had been no work for him of late ;

And thus, with all his prospects gone,

What could he do but hobble on ?

Footsore, ever short of food, and health unsound

On, still on, to what ? a 'doss' upon the ground ?

God of mercy ! where, for him, may peace be found ?

Thoughts of infant born without a name

Crushed the blue-eyed girl with poignant shame.

Common is the tale : the trusting maid,

Who, in faith, had loved and been betrayed ;

The boy had left her in the lurch,

Instead of leading her to church.

With a motherhood that had a tainted sound,

And a father who would rather she were drowned,

God of mercy ! where, for her, may peace be found ?

Poor unfortunates, your cares and griefs profound,

Tarry not until in sight of grassy mound.

Kneel before your God, with all your thoughts unbound :

He is Mercy, and in Him shall Peace be found.

JAMES CONSTANT.

SUNFLOWERS

A haze of misty gold surrounds the head
Of the Autumnal sun in the evening skies,
Which gorgeous as a flaring sunflower dies,
And wastes away, with yellow locks outspread.

On pillows woven out of fading cloud :
In the ragged gardens, too, the sunflowers burn
Like mimic suns, and their gilt faces turn
To watch his death and the weaving of his shroud.

The steeples of the little city rise
Into the mournful sunset, but her streets
Are loud with children at their play, whose cries

Pierce the gray air with vivid merriment ;
Singing of life's eternal sacrament,
Each fair-haired babe, with joy, grim winter's challenge
greets . . .

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE.

THE LOVE FLOWER

A tiny seed of Friendship
Flourished in my heart for you,
A little plant of natures,
That grew, and grew, and grew,
A tall and slender sapling,
In time that plant became,
Until no more could friendship
Be written as its name.

For what was once a tiny seed,
A mighty tree is now,
So strong of root, so green of leaf,
So firm and broad of bough ;
For from it grew a blossom,
White as the clouds above ;
Yes, from the seed of friendship sprang
The pure, sweet Flower of Love.

ALICE COOK.

THE CLOUD

Wanderer of the upper air,
At one with the silent stars,
Say ! Art thou handmaid of the Moon
Or chariot of Mars ?

Vast oceans' tribute to the Sun,
Earth's pallid shroud by day ;
O' nights, 'mid thy ethereal snow
I see Moon-children play.

Pregnant with life and vital force—
When lightnings wrack thy womb,
Dost bleed from a spirit thunder-riv'd,
Or weep for an earthly tomb ?

F. J. V. CORBITT.

KEI VALLEY

(Near Queenstown, S. Africa)

Wrought in the cataclysmic fire of subterranean strife ;
Flung, basically to lean upon their own peripheric life ;
Now sheathed in the lowering silence of a vast, abysmal
gloom ;
Now bowed to the winds' insurgent drone, like organ-notes
of doom ;
Seduced by corrosion deep-concealed in water's laughing lie ;
Gaunt mountains jealously brood upon the Valley of the
Kei.

A god's excoriating heel has boundary-marked the land,
Where livid walls of river-flesh by derelict waters stand.
The strident frogs' fanfaronade tortures the fallow ground,
And thorn-trees wring their skeleton limbs to scatter seed
around.

The road, once hidden 'neath the eaves of a leafy tracery,
Burns incense openly to the winds and smiles in naked glee.

Drought, the iconoclast, has wrung from bursting buds the
breath,

But from their soul, surrendered to the hot embrace of
death,

A presence walks to clothe these sombre slopes in purple
robes,

While aloë-torches touch with flame mimosa's myriad
globes.

On Spring's warm, equinoctial seas the tide of perfume
flows . . .

Drought's rampart's breached. . . . The life of the valley
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F. J. V. CORBITT.

DREAM-LOVER

Times my eager spirit,
Freed by sleep from its prisoning husk,
Goes voyaging out upon the glamorous slumber-dusk,
Seeking a phantom form unknown to dwellers on this
 earthen crust—
A wraith of flesh, texture of unseen stars and cosmic
 dust.

Companion of my Other Self!
When tremulous wings of sleep at last attain
To those pale temples where each tenderness is pain,
Hast drawn me then to distant, mist-born hemispheres
Set on the outer rim of the forgotten years,
Only to burn my veins with such impotent fire,
In molten flood of passionate desire
Unsatisfied . . . that wakefulness but adds continuance to
 despair,
And later hours those restless hopes and longings share?

Dream-Lover, by the memory of each parting tear,
And the still-throbbing agony of the wounds I bear
(Thou know'st such bliss can never be reality),
Oh! I entreat thee, end this thralldom . . . cease from
 fretting me.

F. J. V. CORBITT.

AN EXHORTATION

Press on, Christian, never mind them,
Let them sneer and let them talk ;
They are servants sent by Satan
To impede your Christian walk.

Marvel not if you are hated
By the world, if you are true,
For the world spared not the Master,
And the world will not spare you.

Sing on, Christian, oh, be joyful !
'Tis the secret of your strength ;
Take the love that Jesus offers,
Prove its height, its breadth, its length.

Soon the journey will be over,
Soon the fighting will be done ;
Then you'll soar from earth to Heaven,
Hear the Saviour say, " Well done ! "

GERTRUDE E. CORBY.

HOLIDAY

Days of song and wedded hands !
Laughing days by lazy seas,
Where the salt-encrusted breeze
Whispers to the singing sands.

Boat-rides on the hushing bay,
Ere the sunbeams leave their beds,
And hills uprear their heavy heads,
Brushing dews of sleep away.

Bathing near the bobbing floats,
Time-accustom'd to the shock.
When currents clash beyond the rock,
Roaring from a thousand throats.

Dancing to a tuneful band—
The campanero's silver bells—
And battle-thunder of the proud, young swells
Breaking on the stony strand.

Watching gulls go wheeling by
When the lords of dark and cold,
At the birth of evening, hold
Flag-day in the clouding sky.

Nights of peace and healing balm
Golden slippers on the deep,
Where the moonbeam-children creep
Fearful of the trancing calm.

Empty beaches lost to view :
Clean walkers, bending to the load,
Stride again the ringing road,
Dreaming all their dreams anew.

PAUL DA COSTA.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEASONS

Sweet is the message that Springtide brings,
Gentle and clear her voice ;
Slumbering Nature awakes and sings,
Valleys and hills rejoice.
Life is triumphant o'er seeming death,
Flowers appear on the earth ;
Wonderful Spring, with her quickening breath,
Brings a new world to birth.

Glad is the story that Summer tells,
Warm is her golden sun,
Calling to woodland and mossy dells,
Leading where streamlets run.
Swallows return from their distant home
Now the dark days are past ;
Laden with perfume the roses come—
Summer is here at last !

Mellow and rich is the Autumn's call,
Ringing across the land :
Here is the fruit and corn-crop tall,
Waiting the reaper's hand.
Hasten to gather the earth's increase ;
Still is God's promise true,
'Seed time and harvest shall never cease—
He has remembered you.'

Crowning the year with its glad Noel,
Christmas its message brings,
Telling the birth of Emmanuel,
Glorious King of Kings !
Swiftly the seasons will pass away,
He is for aye "the same,"
Open your hearts to His love to-day,
Trust in His saving Name.

R. WAVELL COWDERY

HARNHAM BRIDGE

An old Stone Bridge, with its Arches three,
The River winding its way to the sea ;
It links the village with market town.
And oft you may meet the "Cap and the Gown,"
For not far away the Cathedral stands,
Age-old, magnificent work of man !
Its spire reaches up, to the heavens above ;
A lesson—look upward rather than down.

Next to the Bridge is a cottage wee :
Its windows look out on the Arches three,
The garden runs down to the water's edge,
Where a boat, with oars, may rest on a ledge.
Retrace your steps to the Garden gay,
Where roses bloom midst the scent of hay
From meadows near by, with their waving grasses :
And over the Bridge go the lads and lassies.

Once I made one of that throng so gay—
We raced to school, and we raced to play
Where are we now, I wonder—where ?
Out in the world, now here, now there.
Some have done well, and some gained Fame ;
Others not heard of, even in name ;
Some living humbly, doing their best ;
Some in "God's Acres" taking their rest.

I would love one day my steps to take
To that garden, fair, and the cottage gate ;
I would stand on the Bridge and dream my dreams—
But you cannot bring back the days that have been.
The Bridge and I so surely know
Only once can the water through its 'Arches flow :
The River of Life bears its Sons away,
But reunion comes with the "Perfect Day."

ELEANOR COX.

AUTUMN DAYS

The Spring is gone, and Summer, too,
And Autumn days are here again ;
The rain is beating on the door,
And leaves hang on the window-pane.

The leaves are falling at my feet,
The nuts are down, the haws are red ;
Where once the roses hung in bloom,
We now can gather hips instead.

The berries, red and black, in turn,
The leaves of yellow and of brown,
All show us Autumn days are here ;
And Autumn winds are howling round.

I like the Autumn, when the days
Grow short, and fires are cheering ;
We shut the door, and keep away
Old Winter that we're fearing.

But all the months will have their way—
There we must let it rest,
Remembering only sunny days,
And Autumn at its best.

EMILY CROUCH.

OH, TO BE A SWEEP!

I thought when I married, "I'm now in luck's way!"
That did not last long—a mistake I had made—
For our home's been upset since the day I was wed,
For our chimneys, you see, wanted sweeping.
"My skill now I'll try, so don't pipe your eye!"—
The old gal, you see, she was weeping;
As a sweep, had thought I, my luck would now try.—
Sweep, sweep, sweep!—I'd gone mad on sweeping.

So I went down the street, and some brushes I bought—
"Like other new brooms, they will sweep well," I thought;
"And then, my old gal, she'll be that pleased, I ween,
When she finds that her chimneys are one and all clean.
Like beef-steak," I thinks, "this will sure want some
beating;"
I've started, and so there's no chance of retreating;
'Tis now do or die!—still, my luck I will try.—
Sweep, sweep, sweep!—I'd gone mad on sweeping.

Just my luck!—in the chimney the first brush got stuck,
And smothered the old gal in soot;
"Look here"—how she shouted! I still hear her bawl—
"I'm black from my head to my foot!"
And that was quite true; like a real blackamoor,
She danced round and round—I laughed till near weeping—
And raced round the house, and shouted and swore.—
Sweep, sweep, sweep!—oh, this was some sweeping!

Our house was now filled both with smoke and with soot,
And still up the chimney the brush was fast stuck;
And still the old lady, she danced and she swore—
What she called me that I should try sweeping!

"Look here," she kept crying, "I'm smothered in soot!"—
She feared that in soot she'd be sleeping.
Next time, for my "sweep," I will try a *sweepstake*.—
Sweep, sweep, sweep!—I felt mad at sweeping!

E. CULVER.

FAIRY'S HAUNTS

A fairy woke one morn in May,
And through the forest took her way.
She saw the brook go dashing by,
And heard the wind sweep through the sky;
She saw the laughing waters fall,
And heard the crows begin their call;
She saw the mosses growing green;
And, near the water's silver sheen,
She saw that violets, purple, blue,
In patches by the river grew—
A place where nymphs might find delight
Among the shadows late at night;
And then a pond with lilies fair,
Whose fragrance rose and filled the air,
Upon whose brink were ferns like lace,
And flowers like bells with upturned face:
And when she saw the robin's nest,
And saw the bluebird's ruddy breast,
She lifted up her voice to sing
Her own sweet song in praise of Spring.

LOUISE L. CUTTELL

I AM YOUR STRENGTH

Don't hold My hand, My child, let Me hold thine,
For thou art weak,
And I am strong ;
The way is steep,
The way is long :
I will impart to thee My strength divine.

Don't look down, My child, look up and see My smile.
Don't look around,
For thou might see
That on the ground
Are thorns for thee ;
Trust Me, My child, just for a little while.

GERTRUDE E. CORBY

HILLS OF HOME

Oh, beautiful hills, my beautiful hills,
Purple and blue and grey,
Stretching as far as the eye can see,
Wonderful hills, so gay,
Sunlit and shadowed, shimmering bright,
Stealing the heart away ;
Where the cry of the curlew and peewit awake
The skylark's answering lay,
And the scent of bog-myrtle and heather arise,
Kissing the burn good-day :
Oh, beautiful hills, oh, wonderful hills,
My hills of yesterday ! •

DRIFTWOOD.

THE RECKONING

Oh ! Life it is a useless thing—
We toil and then we play ;
But if we neither played, nor toiled,
How should we pass the day ?

The useless hours we often spend,
For which we must account !
With most of us its Hobson's choice—
But still, no doubt, they count.

The score it mounts against us—
Shall we ever wipe it clean ?
I hope that our Recorder
Will not be very mean

In counting up the useful hours
In the help of others spent,
Kind words spoken, good deeds done,
And even things we've lent.

Myself, I have one hope alone,
That I shall some day find
A woman, truly womanly,
With a fairly constant mind.

If I can bring her happiness,
No sacrifice I'll bar ;
And if we're all in all to each,
We'll both get down to par.

A. E. DAVIES.

PREPARATION

My window faces East,
And at the dawn
I gaze and feast
Upon the glories of the morn.
The fading darkness moves my soul to pray,
Before I eat, or work, or play.

Collected wisdom I will use
To meet each day's probation ;
But tests may come I would not choose,
To prove my preparation,
And I am human, fallible, limited.
What then ? Prayer is not prohibited !

Alone, to say
That I am equal to the day
Denies an intuition
Found in all, whate'er condition.
Some say, "there is no God," with little thought,
Else by the heavens they would be taught.

The complex of our life each day
Cannot be inferior ;
If at morn we kneel to pray,
We shall rise superior.
But life remains a danger zone
To them who dare leave God alone.

• ALWYNE E. DICKINSON.

I LOVE YOU SO

Your dear, dear eyes of blue,
That I have loved too much ;
Tender and soft and blue,
Dear eyes, I love you so.

Your dear strong hands I love,
Dearest in all the World :
Strong and tender to love,
Dear hands, I want you so.

Your dear, dear voice I hear
Only in dreamland now ;
Echoes are all I hear—
Dear voice, I miss you so.

Oh, dearest Love of mine,
I love you so, my dear ;
This aching heart of mine
Just breaks—I need you so.

.
Dear God !—I need you so !

DRIFTWOOD.

RONDEAU**SPRING, THE LUTENIST**

Spring, the magic lutenist,
Has touched her silver-sounding strings ;
A thousand tiny yellow wings
Have filled the trees with golden mist.

The boughs are tinged with amethyst
And every bud and blossom sings,
For Spring, the magic lutenist,
Has touched her silver-sounding strings.

And why so mad to keep the tryst,
Ye little yellow, dancing wings ?
Winter comes for all your Springs—
" We heard the waking echoes ; list !

" Spring, the magic lutenist,
Has touched her silver-sounding strings."

HONOR DRURY.

TO A LILY

Art thou a flower or, say, some lovely sprite,
Dropped out of Heaven in the depth of night?
What loveliness in you doth ever seem
To boldly glisten forth in each sunbeam!
Your grace in texture, and in shape and form,
Is matchless; like the early rays of dawn,
It speaks of wonders hid from human sight,
Which are to follow then, when all is light.
Your workmanship, self-made, is ever new,
And fresh and sweet, like to the morning dew;
It comes from whence, we know not where,
'Tis delicate and soft like silken hair.
Hands have not fashioned it: it is Divine!
It springs from Mother Earth with aid of Time;
Displays its beauty, that our human eyes
May feast upon a floral paradise.
In days of old the wise God knew
That Wisdom's king had glory, too;
That diadems, crowns, sceptres, all
Should stand aloft in Beauty's Hall:
But far above, in humble state,
Thou, placed above the entrance gate,
Midst all those wonders, pure and bright,
Would point the way to the Temple of Light:
And earthly pilgrims, labouring in the way
Of doubt and sorrow, fear, dismay,
Could upward glance to the vision sure
Of thy open petals on the Temple door,
And, seeing this within their eyes,
Could live in faith and sacrifice—
In that fair picture of a pure unblemished flower,
We, too, should onward march e'en in the darkest hour.

HORACE F. DUNKIN.

BABY

Dear little baby, so soundly sleeping,
You are helpless, and fragile, but so sweet.
God gave you into my keeping
To guard, until Him you must meet.

You know not what lies before you,
Sweet little baby mine,
As you lie there the whole day through
Serving a will all divine.

What great possibilities there are in store,
Awaiting the times when you're older !
You'll take your place, you may be sure,
For in time you'll be stronger and bolder.

Ah ! what will you make of Life, little child ?
Will you just be one of many,
Or will you get on, in spite of the strife,
And be the most successful of any ?

You may be a Poet, a Scholar, or Clown—
Oh ! there are so many things you may be ;
And perhaps in time you'll win great renown ?—
We can only surmise, and wait and see.

So sleep peacefully on, little child in your cot ;
There's plenty of time for you to worry,
And to take up your life, whate'er be your lot :
So sleep on little child, don't hurry !

H. EDWARDS.

FAIR, SWEET MAY !

You see beyond, to sight within,
The mellow sun arising ,
You hear—how clear !—not far away,
The Magpie blithely singing ,
Nature now seems to touch your heart,
To ask you in her joys take part.

Burden How bright the morn, what a glorious day !
 'Tis the birth of fair, sweet May !

The sky looked sad the day before,
As the sun was slowly sinking ,
How that the change doth emphasize,
I now cannot help thinking
Nature had then benumbed my heart ;
I felt the pain—keen was the smart.

P. P. ESPECKERMAN.

EASTER

Dawn on an Easter Morning,
The Sky in the East—still grey.
So hushed, so still—and quiet—
Things temporal seem far away.

Then close, from out the thicket,
Comes a Thrush's liquid Notes,
And an Alleluia Chorus—bursts—
From a hundred feathered throats !

Bells in the distance pealing—
The World awakening, too,
The Sun in the East arising—
All revealing Christ's Love anew.

J. M. EVANS

ALONE

Night ! on an open verandah ,
 Moonlight—and sea ; the view,
 Beautiful—calm—so soothing :
 But—alone--and wanting you !

People around you happy
 Trying to make you, too
 Thank God for friends around us—
 But—alone--and wanting you

Lonely, you say ?—But why, Dear ?
 Have you really never seen
 That terrible ache in my eyes and heart,
 With the thoughts of—' Might have Been ' ?
J M. EVANS.

REGUERDON

Your vassal am I, great Lord, the Sun .
 I have no tribute. What shall I pay
 For the largess of light that day by day
 You pour upon me ? A talent ? None

May I give to you. I am Earth, opaque,
 Dark, and sodden, and you are light.
 Without your rays I should know but night ;
 You have granted me day. For your peerless sake
 I will search for powers yet undiscerned ;
 I'll rouse myself to my meagre best,
 To give back sunshine, a little, lest
 You tire when your gifts are unreturned.

Here is blossoming sunshine, liege lord ! Behold
The glowing poppy, the daffodil,
Buttercup, charlock. From field and hill,
Accept my tribute of living gold.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

THE POET'S HEART

Songs for the great occasions ! Even so,
Life is all great occasions, and each place
Parnassus if we will it—if we face
New eras, choosing well, from those that go
And come in Time's continuous flow,
Our friendships, like a spread of filmy lace,
Where Shakespeare's patterns and where Petrarch's show.

But, poets, though our groping lines refuse
To follow patterns of the lyric art,
We yet belong to one authentic muse,
If, from all desecrating things apart,
We love the beautiful in thought, form, hues,
And keep through life, through death, the poet's heart.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Great Sage of Concord, fearlessly you trod
 The heights to knowledge and the perfect day !
 Men felt a Presence when they knelt to pray—
 You saw God's finger-prints on every clod.
 Midst labyrinthed walls, you watched men grope or plod
 The cord of Intercession their sole stay ;
 They thought you, scornful, flung the clue away—
 Instead, you broke the walls that shut out God.

You lit the torches for a younger race
 To seek the laws that guide the planets' rush,
 Divine command through cosmic law to trace,
 To find in morning's calm, Creation's hush.
 Star-trailer, seeking Heaven's eternal plan,
 Who found God's law in life, His love in man.

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT

OUR OWN

"A POOR THING, BUT MINE OWN." Blind Touchstones, we
 The latent beauty that love might enhance
 In the soft air of gentle confidence,
 The radiance we seek that should bloom free,
 Is blighted by our scorn or apathy,
 And dormant powers lie cramped in diffidence,
 Unwakened by the glorifying glance
 Of love that sees a nimbus yet to be
 Around the loved one's head.

And Touchstone, you
Who never saw a nimbus or a crown
Save in the mirror of a jeering clown,
Dispel high dreams, not knowing what you do.
You tear with scornful fingers, callous grown
And find all poor because it is your own.

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

THE BOY

I

The twilight fades, and through the hushed night
The Boy comes striding, reverent and free,
His face, illumined with ecstatic light,
Flung up to Heaven for his God to see.

*Dost Thou find it good in the silv'ry light
Of the moon, O God, that innocent joy
That shines like a star through the scented night,
From the wide-eyed, wond'ring face of the Boy?*

2

The firing ceased, and on that ghastly plain,
Where flesh and metal mingled crazily,
Lay a horrid thing 'mong the heaped-up slain,
With a faceless face for its God to see.

*Dost Thou find it good in the grisly light
Of the moon, O God, that pitiful toy?
How does it shine across the tattered night,
That reproachful faceless face of the Boy?*

IRVING FOGWILL.

GOD'S WAY

God's way is the right way,
In this vale of tears ;
Tho' it seems a rough path,
Hedg'd by toil and fears,
It will lead us onward
To the perfect rest :
We shall know at sundown,
God's way was the best.

God's time is the right time :
Not a day too late,
Nor an hour too early,
Falls each stroke of fate.
God's time is the right time :
If we trust and wait,
He will give us all things—
Open every gate.

God's love is the true love .
If our earthly friends
Pass along, or fail us,
God's love never ends.
At the time appointed,
By the chosen way,
God will surely bring us
To the Perfect Day.

CHARLOTTE E. FARNSWORTH.

"THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER"

Psalm lxi. 2.

It is thought that David uttered the words of this beautiful Psalm after hearing of Absalom's death in battle.

(2 Sam xix. 1-4)

The battle's done, the foemen they have fled,
The victory's won, but what a price was paid
In lives of men, who at their country's call
Responded, only on the field to fall!
Is victory not turned to mourning, then,
As helpers raise the fallen sons of men,
And look on faces that were once so fair,
But which have now got death's cold, vacant stare?
And in the homeland news is brought afar,
To tell about the progress of the war;
And parents, with their broken hearts, do hear
Of their son's fate, the one they loved so dear.
Then up to Heaven's gate there comes the cry,
"Lead me unto the Rock, that's higher far than I!
My heart is overwhelmed. O Lord, my helper be,
For Thou art all my strength, I'll rest in Thee."
The answer comes "My child, be not dismayed,
Neither be discouraged or afraid,
For though afflictions come, and trials sore,
The balm of Gilead on your wounds I'll pour;
And grace sufficient for your every need,
I'll give to make you firm and strong, indeed,
To bear the trials of your earthly way,
And wait, with hope the resurrection day,
When all the ills of life shall disappear,
And peace shall fill your heart, instead of fear,
And you in glory with your Lord shall be,
To share the bliss of Heaven eternally."

TRIED IN THE FIRE

"The trial of your faith . . . more precious than
of gold . . ."

Can you trust the Saviour,
In the dead of night,
When your prayers lie, seeming,
Shattered in your sight ?
When your hopes have crumbled
And the vision fails,
Can you rest in patience,
Certain He prevails ?

Can you put the ruins
Into his dear Hand,
Trust Him to re-fashion
Just the thing *He* planned,
Holding to His promise—
That which two agree,
Asking in the Spirit,
Shall accomplished be ?

Though the end seems farther,
Harder still to gain,
And the things that happen
You can ne'er explain,
Does your faith grip closer,
Standing pull and shock,
Like the limpet clinging
On the changeless Rock ?

Will the Lord not honour
Such a faith as this,
Leading through disaster
Into Victory's bliss ?

Valleys all exalted,
Mountain tops laid low,
That HIS Sovereign glory,
All the earth may know.

IVY M. FORDHAM.

MARRIED LIFE

Why is it now that married life
Is not what it once used to be?
How is it now that sordid strife
Has turned it into tragedy?

From ages past it was decreed
That woman was to live with man,
But man which present times do breed,
Has quite destroyed this holy plan.

Only death this tie can sunder,
Made for better or for worse;
But man has made a woeful blunder—
Easy he has made divorce.

Man and wife must learn to blend
Their two lives into one,
Must learn to borrow and to lend
Till life's hard race is run.

But since this calls for sacrifice,
Man has defied his God.
It's easier far to live in vice,
Than to tread the path Christ trod.

WINSTON H. FOWLER.

SEPTEMBER

Now Summer's past, we see the leaves descending from
the trees ;

Just look ! there they come tumbling with the blust'ring
Autumn breeze !

Yet we will not forget their charm when 'neath them we
did rest,

Nor song of birds, for whom He cares, as they praised
Him from their nest.

E'en now we hear the rustle of the leaves beneath our
feet ,

And if, when we're downhearted, we, like them, think we
are beat,

Just let us count our blessings, like the birds—not press
against

Misfortunes that we can't avoid—and greet the rich
Harvest.

JEAN FORD.

SUBMISSION

1713

'Tis hard oft-times to raise a smile,
When most things go awry,
And all we'd set our heart upon,
And cherished, fades away ;
So that all now seems but a dream,
That held us under sway ;
And oh ! it is so difficult
To keep the tears at bay

'Tis then we feel His comfort,
As His Presence, sweet, draws near ;
For where most needed, there He is,
To heed the silent tear ;
Reminding us that 'tis God's will,
That He will make things clear
To them who just keep faith in Him,
As they to Him are dear

JEAN FORD.

I DID NOT "KNOW" !

I did not " Know " this earth could be
So fair a paradise ;
I did not " Know," until I looked
Into your sweet, grey eyes.
I had not " Heard " the voice of Spring ;
I did not " Know " the joy 'twould bring
To " Hear " the notes the love-birds sing :
Till God gave you to me . I did not " Know."

I did not " Know " the golden sun
Could shine the whole day through ,
I did not " Know " that Summer skies
Were ever half so blue ;
I did not " Know " that April showers
Brought pearly hues to sweet Spring flowers,
I did not realize Love's powers
Till God gave you to me . . I did not " Know."
LOUISE E. GIBSON.

" GLORY STANDS BESIDE OUR GRIEF "

(Design and motto of Confederate Soldiers and Sailors' Monument in Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.)¹

Because they fought in perfect faith, believing
The Cause they fought for was the good, the true,
Unspurred by hope of glittering gain receiving,
While following, with standard high in view,
Where led their single-hearted, dauntless Chief ·
Therefore must Glory stand beside our Grief

To Duty's Sanctuary straightway going,
They entered there, and on its altar laid,
Their offering of all save honour, knowing
That soon in ashes would their gifts be laid
While Glory, standing by, looked on and smiled—
"Now, each of these," she murmured, "is my child."

She watched them still, her fingers laurels wreathing,
Until the end drew near, the last hope fled.
And then she crowned their brows, while softly breathing
That they must yet be brave, and she would shed
Her fullest radiance; then, as bright it shone,
Her outstretched wings would shelter them—her own!

VICTORIA GITTINGS.

¹ F. W. Ruckstuhl, Sculptor

THE HEART AND THE HOME

'Tis home where the heart is, in Castle or Hall,
Or in poor lowly cot, be it ever so small,
Tho' friends may be severed by ocean-tossed foam,
Still the pulse ebbs and flows, 'twixt the heart and the
home.

Ah, home ! what fond memories thy name o'er us flings !
Round the heart of the exile, like ivy, it clings,
With its tendrils entwining those forms once so gay,
Which circled the hearth on a happier day.

How sad the poor wanderer, destined to roam,
As his heart-strings throb gently with memories of home !
He thinks of those hours by the taper's faint light,
And he traces old scenes, till the tears dim his sight.

Ah ! where are the friends—shall he see them no more ?—
That linked him with home in the bright days of yore ?
The hearth is now vacant, the loved ones have flown,
And over their graves, now, the winds sadly moan.

Oh, home, hallowed home ! thou art joy to the heart,
There's a spell bound within thee which ne'er can depart ;
For the chords of affection, so true to their tone,
In a sweet wave of melody sound the word *Home*.

The home and the heart ! words so soft to the ear,
How their memories, like ivy, entwine and endear !
In the heart, like the home, are true harmonies found
With their tendrils of love giving forth a sweet sound.

How cold is the heart from which no silent tears
Gush forth in true sorrow for long bygone years,
Ere the dark hand of Destiny claimed for its shrine
That home and those hearts, with their lovelight divine

They know not what home is, who gladly would part
And sever those strings 'twixt the home and the heart
Ah! leave them oblivious, like days that have flown—
Their hearts and affections are silent in tone.

MARY GLOVER.

WILD VIOLETS

I wandered through a Devon glade,
To seek "Wild Violets" in the shade
Of beauteous trees, whose leafy bowers
Almost hid from sight the flowers
That nestled round their mossy feet—
The flower they call, the Violet sweet :
And finding them . . found you !

You looked so fragile, standing there
I scarcely dared to breathe or stir.
Then, all at once, I understood—
"You" were the "Spirit of the Wood";
Two "drooping Violets" were your eyes,
The "scent of Violets sweet," your sighs :
But . . . "You" were mine . . . to woo !
LOUISE E. GIBSON.

GOD'S VOICE

The voice of God is calling
Over land and hill and dale,
In thunder and in lightning,
In snow, in storm, in gale
I listened to that voice
In the roaring of the wind,
And I wondered what God thought
Of the smallness of man's mind.

The voice of God is calling,
North, South, and East and West.
In sunshine and in shadow,
The one *He* thinks is best
I listened to that Voice,
To the accents—oh, so kind!—
And I wondered what God thought
Of the hardness of man's mind.

I heard that voice yet speaking
In the silence of the wind—
That awe-inspiring silence
Which us to God doth bind
I heard that still small voice
A-whispering in my heart,
And I prayed to God in Heaven,
I might choose "The better part."

ELLEN GORDON-FRAZER.

THE VOICE OF LOVE

The radiant morn hath come once more,
And we are filled with joy as ne'er before
To know that here our Saviour doth reign :
List to His music sweet, ring out again.

Oh, how enchanted would our spirits rise
To meet our blessèd Saviour in the skies !
If only to look on His compassionate face,
To feel our souls all thrilled with His sweet grace !

The very plants that grow around,
E'en insects that creep on the ground,
And every bird that sings, wild or tame,
His glory, truth, all day proclaim.

Oh, why can't man these things discern ?
Why, since to him the highest gift was given,
Doth he not choose with all the will he's got,
To serve the Lord, and evil set at naught ?

The thing for which I pray and make behest
Is this, that man may grasp, and understand best,
Thy gifts of Love—and wealth of truth to man—
To this inspire, Lord thro' Thy Heavenly plan.

Create within our hearts this day,
A love to serve Thee all the way,
That angels there may gladly tell,
That peace on earth doth surely dwell.

Then shall Thy blessings rich descend,
To fill the lives of sons of men,
Making a harvest rich with grain,
Dismissing all our want, and pain.

Ring out, sweet bells, ring out this day,
For Christ, our Lord, hath passed this way,
And man once more to the call has risen—
Praise unto God, all praise be given !

ELIZABETH GREIG.

THREE BLOSSOMS

You bade me bring you blossoms,
And I have brought you three—
Jessamine sweet, and a rose so red,
And a sprig off the myrtle-tree.

These blossoms can breathe a secret—
Tell me, which shall it be?
Jessamine for hope, a rose for joy—
The myrtle means love for me.

Smiling she took the flowers sweet :
The rose in her hair placed she,
The jessamine laid between us both,
But the myrtle she handed to me.

I planted them all in my garden—
The garden, my heart, I mean :
The jessamine blossomed, the rose bloomed fair,
But the myrtle is evergreen.

MADELINE HALKETT.

THE CYPRESS GARDEN

I would that I were buried deep
Within the cypress garden still,
That shadowy spot where the weary sleep
At rest on the silent hill.

Calm would lie my passionate heart,
Far from the love and hurt of men—
In the surge of the world I'd have no part,
For all would be over then.

Yet would I hear—though pulse were still—
The rapturous song of the sea !
The Call of the Wild ! The Voice from the hill !
For these are the soul of me.

CAPEL HALL.

DON'T WORRY !

Never hurry, never worry,
Tho' you grow older every day !
Don't worry, never trouble if the world is on the sway ;
Never hurry, don't grow old and grey ;
Just be happy, and grow younger day by day.

For if you worry, you will flurry,
And grow wrinkles on your brow ;
So don't worry, " Just be happy,"
And old age " You'll never know."

GERTRUDE HAMAR

REMEMBER

When you lie awake and wonder
Why God sent you to this earth,
When you turn and toss and tumble,
Dreading death and cursing birth ;

When your limbs are wracked with torture,
And your heart is stung with pain ;
When your brain with fire seems riven,
And you seek for rest in vain ;

When your soul is sick with hunger,
And the future holds no hope ;
When your strength is going under,
And with life no more can cope :

Remember once the glorious sunshine
Flooded all your garden ways ;
Remember how Love held your hands then,
Making sweet and glad your days ;

Remember, in the wintry darkness,
How your path with flowers was strewn ;
Remember that Earth's fairest roses
Grew there once for you in June ;

Remember that the winter stays not
Eager spring from coming here ;
Remember, though the roses faded,
They may bloom again next year !

CAPEL HALL.

THE GARDEN OF LIFE

There is so short a time to live—why waste the hours
Whilst in the garden fade the fairest flowers?
Just wait awhile to pick the Lily and the Rose—
Remember day so soon draws to a close

Pluck them that you may sense their fragrance and their
sweet—
What matters it that fragrance is but fleet?
Its memory will ever shed an afterglow
O'er days when neither rose nor lily blow.

I pray, though, that their velvet bloom you will not bruise,
Nor yet their leaves, else they so soon will lose
All that enchanting grace that is beyond recall—
'Tis sad when white and crimson petals fall !

Waste not one moment in regret for what is past ;
Think not the perfume of the bud will last ;
And happiness walks ever hand in hand with pain
So if a thorn should hurt do not complain.

How oft with careless eye we've watched the sweetness
wane
Of flowers that ne'er for us will bloom again !
How blind we are to have as little sense as this !—
There seems to be so much in life we miss.

Though but a weary world of grey and pallid skies,
Therein lie beauty, joy, as well as sighs ;
Away with all the sighs—take beauty—it will last,
And o'er your path a ray of sunshine cast.

The Lily-flower is Beauty, and the Rose is Love !
These are the fairest gifts that life will send,
As through her garden's dark Gethsemane we stray,
Towards the gateway where all pathways end.

CAPEL HALL.

THE SPRING

Arise ! behold, the Spring is here again !
The primrose and the violets in the glen
As fair and beautiful to see as any flower,
And of perfume rare.

There are daisies and pansies, too,
And the lofty daffodil ;
Pluck as many as you will
Of the golden daffodil.

Where you pluck them, more will grow,
For they spread from row to row,
Sheltered by the bright green moss
And the Cuckoo flower.

There is no time like the Spring,
With singing-birds and butterflies upon the
wing,
And the fragrance of the flowers
Scenting all the lane and bowers.

GERTRUDE HAMAR.

LET THERE BE PEACE !

God calls, " Let there be peace !
Put up thy sword drawn from its sheath !
Thou must not slay or kill,
For thou must live in peace.

" Put up thy sword !
Did I not give thee life and breath to live and love ?
Have I not said thou shalt not die ?
Why dost thou seek to kill ?

" Put up thy sword into its sheath !
Did I not give My Son that thou shouldst live for ever-
more ?
Why dost thou seek to slay ? "

God calls, " It is enough ; let there be no more war ,
But let My peace dwell with all men on earth—
In England, France and Germany alike ! "

God calls, " Thou shalt not kill,
But live in peace and love to all mankind !
Put up thy sword !

" For if I come and find thee with thy sword,
Thou shalt not have that great reward,
" Well done ! "

GERTRUDE HAMAR.

THE BLUE BELLE

My Lady wears Blue ;
Her eyes are blue, too ,
And gloriously fair
Her golden hair,
Is my Lady's in Blue.

My Lady wears Blue ;
In friendship she's true,
For she never deceives,
But always succeeds,
Does my Lady in Blue.

Perhaps you have seen
My little " Blue Queen " ?
If not, just look out for her.
And you will exclaim,
" You're lovely, dear Lady in Blue ! "

GERTRUDE HAMAR

THE SONG OF MY YOUTH

When I was young, I sang a song,
Of love, and joy, and hope :
My heart goes back, now I am old,
To that song I sang in the days of my youth.

There are words that I dare not dream of ;
There are things that I dare not speak of ;
But I still try to sing
The beautiful song—
The song of my youth !

Now, when I think of the sweet melody,
It thrills my heart with delight ;
And the memory of that song
Will never fade from sight,
That song of love, and joy, and hope---
The song I sang in my youth !

GERTRUDE HAMAR.

THE OAK-TREE

Here, under the large oak-tree,
This wondrous tree,
Sheltered from cloud and storm,
A weary traveller on his way seeks rest,
And sleeps beneath its shade.

The stately tree,
Of form and aspect so magnificent,
It cannot fade or die ,
Nor can it be destroyed by " Tempest Wild."

The traveller rests.
Above his head he sees the sky,
The glory of the heavens,
The multitude of stars.
At length the vision closes,
And he is lost in peaceful sleep
Beneath the shelter of the big oak-tree.

GERTRUDE HAMAR.

A PERFECT CHILD

Oh, blessed vision, "Beautiful Child,"
Made in God's own Image!
Perfect in His sight,
Thou art divine.

Oh, Happy Child,
With face and eyes that shine
With light serene and bright,
Thou art divine.

No grief must touch thee,
No passion o'ertake thee,
To mar and rob thee of that precious gift
Of purity and right,
For thou art "perfect in God's sight,"
Oh, Blessed Child of Light!

GERTRUDE HAMAR.

THE THORN

There are many thorns we meet,
Besides the thorn upon the rosebush, sweet:
One meets them in the church,
And sometimes—on the street.

Don't be a thorn,
To scratch and tear,
To leave an ugly scar—
Don't be a thorn!

Don't be a thorn,
To dig deep down
And make a big wound
Where red blood flows—
Don't be a thorn !

Just be a Rose,
With petals bold ;
And shed them as you go along life's way.
Just be a Rose until there dawns
" The perfect day."

GERTRUDE HAMAR.

FLOWERS

Flowers, bright Flowers,
The earth is richer for your gorgeous blooms ;
Your home is everywhere.
The wide world o'er.

Flowers, bright Flowers,
The heavens look down on thee ;
The sun shines bright on thee ;
The dew-drops glisten on thy tender petals,
Making them more wonderful to mortal eye.

Sweet, lovely Flowers,
We gather thee to send
A token of our love from friend to friend.
Your glorious fragrance gladdens the sad heart
Of sick and weary souls ;
You come to us to cheer us in the gloom,
" In death and life alike."

Flowers, bright Flowers, '
I gather thee, and hold thee closely to my breast ;
I kiss thy glorious petals ;
My heart with gladness sings its praise aloud.
While I gaze with uplift eyes to Heaven above ,
Thanking the giver for His gift of "Flowers divine."
 GERTRUDE HAMAR.

CONTENT

I walk along my weary way,
To work all day without a stay,
Except for meals, which nearly choke
My life away, before I cloak
Myself in day-dreams.

I know most people say the same ,
Their own jobs are enough to main-
Their very souls ; oh, how they'd change,
If livelihoods they could arrange
To suit themselves !

A carpenter would be a clerk,
A clerk go poaching after dark ;
A labourer might think it Heaven
To be a leisured man for seven
Days of the week.

And yet we all should be content :
For though it's not our natural bent
To like our work, it would be worse
To face the world with empty purse
And health declining.

ROBERT J. HARRISON.

LENTEN LILIES

By a Lover of Flowers

O beauteous, Lenten lilies,
With lovely golden crowns
And dainty creamy petals
Above your sheaths of brown.
You come to us in Springtime
From out the cold, brown earth
You, sleep of Winter over,
Proclaim the earth's rebirth.

You're tall and very stately,
Your leaves of dainty green
Delight my wearied senses;
Such beauty I've not seen
Through all the cold, dark Winter.
I thought that you were dead,
Till in the lovely Springtime
You raised your golden head.

Beauty such as yours,
They tell me never dies—
It may be wholly hidden
When Winter's leaden skies,
With dark and dreary rain-clouds,
Are sadly overcast,
When all things living seem to die
Beneath the wind's cold blast.

But when the storms are over,
And the bitter weather past,
When Springtime's golden sunshine
Tempers the icy blast,

You come forth 'in your beauty,
Your brown bulbs having cast,
And nod your lovely golden heads,
Saying, "Springtime's here at last."

ELIZABETH HARTLEY.

ODE TO A SKYLARK

You blithesome bird, sweet be thy note !
Heaven doth not hold so gay a chorister ;
Tranquillity doth on thee dote,
Whilst thou soarest to the realms so sinister.

God alone gave that sense of poise ;
To thee, sweet bird, Heaven wide doth ope her gates,
To hear thy melodious voice,
Whilst thou in turn doth mock at the cruel Fates.

For they thy thread of life doth spin,
Whilst thou delighteth thy praises to trill forth
To thy Creator, God and King .
Come, come, thou triumphant bird, soar to the
North !

M. HATTE.

SPRING WARES

Laughing and skipping and dancing with glee,
Dressed in her dainty green gown,
Spring carries a basket of wares, don't you see,
Rich beauty for eyes, blue or brown.

She barters her trinkets with sweet singing voice,
While merrily onward she goes—
“Come buy, Sir!—a necklace—just one little choice—
Rare Gems, Sir!—Oh, buy please! Spring knows.”

Up, down, the green lanes she wendeth her way,
Her feet treading light here and there,
She sprinkles the Hawthorn with pink and white May,
The hedgerows with colours most fair.

Laughing and singing the whole of the day,
Merrily onward Spring goes,
Her voice tink'ling sweetly the joyous old lay,
Then dances away on her toes.

CLARISSA HARVEY.

TO THE CUCKOO

Come, sweet harbinger of Spring,
Spread out thy sun-kissed wings;
Let the wild woods clearly ring;
Let Thy clarion note sing
To the great King of kings.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, through the wood,
Past the sweet verdant buds,
Where the crows with shining hood
Croak in loud exultant mood,
And the cows chew their cud.

Follow through the wood track wild,
Over wide clumsy stile,
By the bubbling waterside,
By the loud in-coming tide—
We have come forth a mile.

M. HATTLE.

THEY CRUCIFIED HIM

They nailed Him to the cruel cross,
The King of kings, whose spotless life
Was spent in lifting others lives
Above the din of care and strife.
Through those dear hands so oft outstretched
In healing power, in yearning love,
They drove the nails with angry force,
While angels, weeping, watched above.

And on His brow, that patient brow,
That ne'er was marred with anger's frown,
They placed, in mirth, in mocking scorn,
In bitter hate, the thorny crown.
And that dear heart that oft had bled
For sorrows that were not His own,
Was in that hour forsaken quite,
And, in His anguish, left alone.

And as to-day, in thought, we go
To view once more that sacred scene,
And kneel beneath the Saviour's Cross,
Our hearts are filled with anguish keen.
Yet with our grief is mingled joy,
For to that Cross, the Cross of shame,
Is nailed our sin, and we are free,
For life is given through His Name.

He lives ! He lives ! Oh, joy supreme,
He reigns on high, our risen Lord,
In loving hearts enthroned as King,
By angel hosts for aye adored !
God fill our souls with Easter Joy,
With love divine and perfect praise ;
So shall our songs, ascending, blend
With angel-spirits' sweeter lays

LILIAN G. HEARD.

“ TIS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT ”

A little word of praise,
A cheery little smile ;
Are the things that count for happiness,
And make our lives worth while.

Don't be always finding fault,
And saying unkind things ;
Such words you never can recall,
Unhappiness it brings.

See the best in every one,
Give praise where it is due ;
Do to others as you would
That they should do to you.

Help a fallen brother
On the uphill road of life ;
Be the good Samaritan,
And do not look for strife.

“ Inasmuch as ye have done it,”
Our Blessed Lord hath said,
“ Unto one of these, my brethren,
Ye have done to Me instead.”

A little word of praise !
It helps in the long run,
To hear those pleasant sounding words
To the working one, “ Well done ! ”

R. A. HEISE.

ARIEL

I know of a pup that's as ugly as sin,
And Ariel is his name.
When I first heard of that, I imagined the thing
Would be light as the sprite on faery wing,
Who from depths of the sea or the earth would spring
At his master's call—I could see him the same
As the sprite of Shakespearean fame.

I never inquired what breed he might be,
Nor asked what the length of his pedigree :
His name had so captured my fantasy
That I didn't know what I expected to see,
But it certainly was not *that*—
A clumsy bundle of fur and paws,
Of flapping ears and slobbering jaws,
Four legs that could run if he heard of a fight,
Then collapsed when he ought to have been polite,
And left him sprawling flat.

Then I asked what inspired them to christen him so,
And they said, " He's called after his parents, you know :
An Airedale's his sire and a Spaniel's his mother,
So he is called Ariel, and Spandale's his brother ! "

But although he is lacking in beauty and grace,
His name is best for him still.
You have only to take one look at his face,
At his solemn, brown eyes that can turn in a trace
Into twinkles of mischief, defying disgrace,
To see he belongs to the very same race
As the spirit created by Will.
And, besides all this, you really know,
That, with all his mischief and all his fun,
He's as true to his master and everyone
As Ariel was to Prospero.

E. B. HENLEY.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

The rolling green hills in the distance,
Stretching 'way down to the sea,
Fanned by the keen ocean breezes,
That make one feel buoyant and free ;

The meek, grazing sheep on the hillside,
With shepherd and dog ever near,
Where all is so quiet and peaceful :
These are Childhood Memories, dear !

A quaint Sussex village, I picture,
Sheltered by stately oak-trees ;
An old thatched cottage, with roses,
Is clear in my memories.

Through sweet, shady lanes now I ramble—
Rabbits scurry away as I pass—
Midst fragrant flowers—each one I treasure—
Adorning the dew-sparkling grass.

A winding path runs through the meadows
That lead to the old water-mill,
Water foaming and dancing in shadows—
Precious Memories are with me still.

The church bells again I hear pealing,
Soft and peaceful, at quiet eventide ;
A message of prayer, of sweet healing,
Goes out o'er the whole countryside.

In cities and crowds, and wherever there's noise,
I always feel lost and depressed ;
But life unto me, is still full of sweet joys,
Midst these beauties of nature expressed.

Some day I'll return, ere my life's journey ends,
Though thousands of miles 'tween us lie,
And there I shall find though gone all my old friends,
Childhood Mem'ries that never will die.

S. HICKMAN.

THE BIRDS' JUBILATE

'Twas on a bright and sunny day,
Nearing the end of the month of May ;
The birds as they hopped from tree to tree,
Were singing together their Jubilate.
The blackbird's strong tenor, "Be quick! Be quick!"
While the linnets, responded with "Twit, Twit, Twit!"
The missel-thrush's treble, so clear and sweet,
He surely had learned at the angels' feet!
Then the chaffinch gave his loud harsh call,
And the warblers sang, both large and small;
The robin lifted his gentle song,
While the sparrows all chirped as they hopped along.
In the blue the skylark seemed breaking his throat,
And the wren put in her sweet little note:
The starlings whistled loud and shrill;
The doves in the wood gave a coo and a thrill.
The crows and the rooks cried, "Caw, caw, caw!"
(They were doing their best, they could do no more):
The titmice made their bell-like sound.
And so the music went round and round.
For the swallows' soft twitterings under the eaves
Could be heard by the birds among the leaves.
When the sun's rays passed away from the earth
A silence fell, like Amen, on their mirth.
When the owl came out with "*Too-whoo! Too-whit!*"
Then the other birds to their nests, did flit.

MINNIE HOPKINS.

OUR ETERNAL GUIDE

Lord, hold my hand in the dawning,
Ere fades the roseate hue,
When the tears of tender infancy
Are fresh as the morning dew.

Lord, guide my faltering footsteps
When the light of morning breaks,
When the opening bud of childhood
To the sound of life awakes.

We seek the cooling shadow,
'Mid earthly toil and heat ;
The prayer of faith uplifted
Ensures that calm retreat.

When the golden sun is setting,
We gaze on the glowing west ;
It seems like the gates of Heaven—
And the spirit longs for rest.

He sinks, and the deep'ning shadows
Over the earth will creep ;
His daily toil is ended,
And the toilers are wrapt in sleep.

Lord, hold my hand when the shadow
Of death is hovering o'er,
And guide me through the valley,
Till I reach the Heavenly shore.

F. HINGSTON.

THERE . . . HERE

Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Pain and sickness, grief and care ;
Heaven with its unspoken gladness,
Light, and love, and all that's fair :
How the two contrasted stand—
This dark world, and that bright land !

Here, the eye grows dim with weeping,
Here, the cheek is wan with woe
For the loved ones who are sleeping,
For the hopes that are laid low :
In the light of Heaven's ray
Tears of earth are wiped away.

Here, the songs of praise we're singing
Often languish as they rise ;
Fettered is the spirit's winging,
Cold and dead, its harmonics :
In the chorus of the sky,
Hallelujahs never die.

Here, the painful cross we're weaving,
There, our Master leads the way ;
Here, the shame and grief we're sharing,
That for us upon Him lay :
There, we lay our burden down,
Change the cross into a crown.

Here, the parting word is spoken
Where our hearts the closest cling ;
And upon the spirit broken,
Like a knell its accents ring :
There, before the Saviour's throne,
Parting is a word unknown.

JOHNNA SELINA HOLMES.

TWO SUNSETS

We watched from that dear old window.
The setting of the sun :
No brightness had he shed abroad,
And now, his day's race run,
He peeped behind the western hill
(A glance but cold and tearful still),
And thus he sadly said " Good-night."

Then, afterwards appeared around,
Great clouds, dull, cold, and grey,
Save just one palest touch of gold,
Brightening the close of day.
Still faster came the darkness on ;
The light had all too quickly gone,
And peaceful, silent night had come.

Again we watched from that window,
Another closing day.
The sun upon the earth had shone
With warm and cheering ray :
His face now glowing rosy-red,
He sought once more his western bed—
" Good night to all !—good night !" he said.

Then, in the sky, a beauteous scene
Was offered to our view—
Rich tints of crimson, pale blue, gold,
And faintest amber hue :
These faded soon, and now the light
Of day had given place to night,
And calm, and quiet rest.

A. R. HOLT.

REVERIE IN A TRAMWAY CAR

The people sit and stare ; the tram jolts on and on—
Eternity can be not far away. Pale images of faces,
Set and stern, look from out the dark and cold.
Sometimes one rises from his place, and silently
Picks his careful way across the outstretched feet
Of many people, who ride on as silently as he.
One comes sometimes, who takes and gives away.
None know, and care not, where we go or stay,
Only we feel the burdened sorrow weighing heavily upon
These folk who toil and strive, and spend their lives
And worthless dust, racing onward to the gaol
Of wealth ; who fall, so many, by the way nor rise again.
Who knows his fateful lot ? who dares to prophesy
Which of these now alive will die a sudden death ?
Who end his days in peace, and see the faces sad
Around his bed, who mourn his going ?
Who will die in solitary woe ? abandoned,
Left alone by all his kin for whom he worked and prayed ?
Who will find a tomb of marble stone ? who will be laid
To everlasting rest in a dark pauper's mouldy hole ?
Which of these people riding on, upon a magic car,
Together now, will feel great joy or lonely sorrow
When they part, as part they must, into the night,
And vanish in the abyss of a crowded street ?—
The magic car comes to a sudden stop. Busy bustle
takes the place
Of mournful reverie. We all alight and go our ways,
Forgetful of our fellows. The wide world yawns—
There gape its many paths. Needless to choose
Our way ; we all arrive at last, together,
Garnered by the great harvester, Death, and stored
Each in his little barn, to wait the threshing time
And the great mill-stones of God.

GEOFFREY HORNE.

THE JOURNEY

Walk thro' the field's sweet carpet of daisies,
Walk thro' the woodland's fairy mazes,
Walk thro' the moorland's fragrant furzes,
And you'll never be tired of the journey.

Look at the sky, star-spangled, on high,
Look at the moon sailing calmly by,
Look at the thousand glories nigh,
And you'll never be tired of the journey.

Think of "To-day" and not of "To-morrow,"
Think of the joy that casts out the sorrow,
Think of the wondrous life to follow,
And you'll never be tired of the journey.

E. HUGHES.

THE DYING WARRIOR

Deserted, I lie on the still battle-field;
Alone, all alone, I am lying;
Some instinct within me has whispered a fact—
I know that at last I am dying.

Alone I am left, all the living have flown—
I am dying, surrounded by dead;
I gaze all around, and see nothing but forms
Whose spirits have left them and fled.

We have fought the same battle and fallen alike,
We all shall have died the same death:
They've passed the dark barrier closing this life—
Their bodies lie still, without breath.

I'd known some since childhood—we paid the same Piper,
And so we have called the same tune ;
It seems strange to think that they've gone, and still
 stranger,
To think I must follow them soon.

Like blood is the sun, in the west that's now setting,
There leaving its trails of gold-red ;
But bloodier far is the field where I'm lying,
Surrounded by forms of the dead.

I've fought for my Land, shall have died for its Rights ;
To live a good life I have tried ;
So naught do I fear of the great Consequence,
Through Death, on the great Other Side.

I know now my life is fast ebbing away,
My tired heart, it fails me at last ;
So folding my hands, I my spirit commend
To my God, and forget all the past.

KATHLEEN HUMPHREYS.

RE-CREATION

Asleep in earth's dark shadows,
Lie crocus, snowdrop, daffodil ;
Yet not asleep, for when warm sun
Shall shine again, they rise to greet
The kiss of Spring, and, rising,
Give their beauty for the joy
Of all who can behold.
Purples, yellows, virgin white,
Mounted on slender stem they rise,
Above the mundane cares of life
Lifting our thoughts.

Could we but wait as patiently,
When earth's dark clouds are o'er our head,
Rest in that simple, trusting Faith,
Which to the outer senses seems like sleep,
So silent 'tis and motionless
To mortal eye, yet in Reality
A mighty force at work within,
Why, then, when Sun of Soul should shine,
We, too, would rise and give in greater measure
Beauty of hand, and heart, and eye,
To fellow men.

ELIZABETH HURLSTONE.

ANGELS

The white-winged thoughts that halo some pure
maiden,
Make beautiful her beauty, as a sea
Decorated with ships, or a wind laden
With many silver birds! She cannot be
The victim of men's hunger or desire,
Or be ensnared by magic—who would dare
To stab the priest beside the altar fire,
Or take the devotee that kneels in prayer
In God's own temple? Evil has no power,
Unless fear, with a necromancer's skill,
Coming in darkness like a murderer, cower
The drooping sense and hypnotize the will.
Beauty in her own beauty dwells secure:
For thoughts are guardian angels to the pure.
JOHN HURNALL.

DAWN

Roses as fair as beauty in the night,
When she lies hid in chambers of desire ;
Fairies of gold, with a pale greenish light
Upon their wings, and wandering spirits of fire
Among the grasses ; little lamps of dew
Hanging in space like airy light-houses ;
And bits of stars still flecking the pale blue'
Into this world, when chanticleer arouses
The dreaming sense, and the far-lowing herds
Tremble, I waken, feeling in my hair
The wind's fingers, and round me little birds
With tiny beaks chipping into the air.
A new creation with the dawn appears,
As when the morning stars sang in the spheres.
JOHN HURNALL.

TO A SICK DOG

Poor dog, your life is hard—
It is but one long trial
Of sorrow and of pain !
You are not like the others,
That bark and run and play ;
You sit and mope and lick and scratch—
What else ? can you be gay ?
Oh, how I pity you,
And wish that you were well !
But, too, I do admire
Your courage day by day.
I do not understand

Why you should be so ill,
Your life be one of misery,
No joys your days should fill.
I understand with men,
For they've undying souls
Which have to stand a test—
They say, alas, you have no soul.
And, then, all men do sin,
And so they merit grief and pain ;
But you are surely innocent
What is there you have done ?

J. S. HYND.

CERTAINTY

A scent of violets met me in the morn,
A breath of Springtime into Autumn borne,
Reminding me that Spring once passed this way
To other lands beyond the shining sea :
But having passed, as surely will return,
For this is home.
Although we first must pass through Winter's death
We sense her nearness by the violets' breath,
And are assured that she will soon appear,
As, by some subtle fragrance, we discern
A presence well-beloved has passed this way,
And will return.

FANNY L. ILES.

THOUGHTS

They come from out of the infinite,
Into the minds of men,
But in what far port they had their birth
Is not within our ken ;
They anchor awhile just here and there,
And then they are off again.

And so the endless voyage goes on
For ever and a day,
For once a thought is set afloat,
It makes no lengthy stay,
But carries its cargo of good or ill
Around the world for aye.

Take care, then, what you put aboard,
When you speed one on its course,
For it carries infection wherever it goes,
To become a world-wide force ;
And oft-times returns on the flood of the tide
To the port where it had its source.

FANNY L. ILES.

APRIL

The cows in the field have all gone to sleep ;
From the grass on the hill, the daffodils peep ;
The wind sets a-blowing their trumpets of yellow ;
Says the lark in the sky, " I'm a very fine fellow."

The primroses smile on the bank by the wall ;
From the old chestnut-tree comes a shrill blackbird's call ;
While the little blue scillas, awake since the dawn,
With the white and gold crocuses dance on the lawn.

J. INGILBY.

SEA DREAMS

All in the house sleep peacefully ; but I
At this cold hour of the grey dawn
Can hear the sea-gulls' cry,
Piercingly forlorn,
As inland from the coast they fly.

The rustling of their swift on-rushing flight
Of wings, like wind-swept sails,
I greet with glad delight ;
It never fails
To spurn the terrors of the night.

Their calls bring echoes of a sun-clad rock,
Washed by a never changing sea ;
Their sad shrill whispers mock,
Enticing me
With tales of a mermaid's silken lock.

An ocean tang is still upon my lips ;
Long after they have flown away,
I dream of mighty ships,
Of silver spray,
And sunny isles where night is day.

J. INGILBY.

THE LADY OF MY DREAMS

In the dark, quiet reaches of the night,
When silence lonely shuns the day's delight,
She comes, and coming, seems
The Lady of my Dreams !

Her footfalls are the rustle of the leaves,
Her voice the myriad whispers dusk conceives :
And she is dimly bright—
A spirit of the Night !

Dark are her raven tresses—dark with gloom,
And in her eyes the shadow of the tomb ;
Their pain may not be stayed—
An essence of the shade.

Grey pearls of tears slow-falling oft arise ;
But ah ! the wonder of her love-lit eyes,
For in their depths is seen
The anguish of a queen.

In the dark, quiet reaches of the night,
When silence lonely shuns the day's delight,
She comes, and coming, seems
The Lady of my Dreams !

INDRENI.

GETHSEMANE

Brightly shines the moonlight's beam,

Nature is at rest :

Bird and bee and floweret dream

In bright radiance drest '

Softly thro' the silent night comes a Voice Divine—

"Dearest Earth, I love thee—God did make thee
Mine . . ."

Softly shines the moonlight rays

On a garden old,

Where a white-clad Figure prays

In a grief untold !

Then a voice of anguish—'tis His Voice Divine—

"Dearest Earth, I love thee—God will make thee
Mine."

Now palely shines the moonlight beams—

Earth is at her dawn ;

And a Heavenly brightness gleams,

For 'tis Easter Morn !

Then the Voice triumphant, of Heaven and Earth
combine—

"Glory in the Highest !—God has made thee Mine !"

E. L. O. ISHERWOOD.

THE LESSON OF SPRING

Up, with a power born anew,
From the bed of his Winter sleep,
The Spirit of Nature springs in view,
With the lust of youth, to again renew
The garment of Earth with its tender hue,
O'er valley and mountain steep.

Each year he comes at appointed time,
When, touched by his magic wand,
Beauty arises from dirt and slime,
From rotting leaves, from decay and grime,
Till with tender colours the lands all shine,
Where'er he has waved his hand.

We call him Spring, and his life is brief
As the life of all earthly things ;
Yet the lesson he teaches should soothe our grief—
The constant renewal of bud and leaf
Is the symbol of hope from the Unseen Chief
Whence Life Eternal springs.

O ! Man, with thy little self-made gods,
Thy creeds and thy pride of birth,
Who thinkest thou rulest here supreme,
And Dominatest Earth.
When wilt thou learn from the open book
That Nature herself supplies—
That shows thy place in the fields of space,
The insignificance of thy race,
Which lives and moves—and DIES—
That thy only hope is the Saving Grace
That shall make THEE again arise ?

JAMES A. JACKSON.

TRUE LOVE

Love, a feeling is of deep affection ;

Love will help you in the midst of strife ;

Love will smooth the path where thorns grow thickest ;

Love will help you all the way through life.

To deal with love, you must be true and tender,

Must feel your love is rich when helping friends ;

Thus soothe some suff'ring, or thus ease some sorrow,

Then you will find love making true amends.

Oh ! Love, if all men only really knew it,

Thou art the very biggest thing in life ;

'Tis thou, Love, ought to rule the every movement

In life, of children, husband, and of wife.

If you can take true love for your sole motto,

If you can weave love into all you do,

If you can speak with love to all around you,

Then you will find that all around love you.

M. H. JEE.

THE GREY SKIES OF WINTER

The grey skies tell that snow will soon be falling ;

The leafless trees are swaying in the wind ;

Their trunks, on which, in Summer, bees are swarming,

Are void of life till Nature is more kind.

The empty birds-nests built there yester year

Were made with strength and wove with loving care ;

The nestings which, there, first saw light of day,

Have vanished months ago for skies less grey.

The sparrows, who remain here all the year,
Just now have come to ask for human care ;
Their food lies buried under icy ground—
No worms or other meal can now be found.

But storms of Winter quickly will be past,
And birds, who now hide from the icy blast,
Soon will return to herald signs of Spring,
And preen their feathers and their sweet songs sing.
ANNIE JOHNSON.

A HYMN OF PRAISE

We sing to Thee, O Father,
A hymn of praise,
Who hast brought us safely thro' the night—
Our hearts to Thee we raise.

To Thee our souls we now outpour,
And sing Thy praises evermore ;
We ask Thy blessing on this day,
That Thou Thy hands upon us lay !

The night just passed
Was spent in peaceful sleep ;
Thy many Guardian Angels
Their watch o'er us did keep.

To us there came no danger nigh,
No breath beyond an Angel's sigh ;
Our dreams of Heaven and Thee
Were glad with joy and sanctity.

ANNIE JOHNSON.

FUTURITY

Adown the æons of time the centuries roll,
While "Shalt nots" from direct God-given law,
Float echo-like above distracted man,
Who lives on heedless, breaking high command,
Sacred and needful for the general weal.
See! hateful murder haunting every land,
To rend the social ties by tragic act,
Or dye historic annals black with crime;
Dogging each regnant power with fell intent,
Flashing its lurid glare—as stress in strife—
Until, in cataclysmic crash of War
Between the nations, it goes raging on,
Wild in delirium, mad with enterprise
To kill!—to kill!—*to kill!* and so keep back
The march of Progress, and the fruits of Love!

.

Let cease this hell's embroilment! Let it cease!
The massive, mad destruction of mankind
Is not the aim or end of Evolution!
Nor the great goal of marvellous Creation!
Hark! a faint echo from the zenith falls—
"Thou shalt not kill!"
And as ye list, behold an exquisite dawn
Breaks through the darkness of the raging past
As Nobler Civilization comes to view;
To take that edict from the age-old law,
And place it in the operative hold of man,
Within the reach and recognized rôle of all,
Until, as law inviolate, it stands
Enfolding all the peoples in fair peace.
And War no more *acts judge by doing wrong!*
EUPHEMIA JOHNSON.

ALEXANDRA DAY

Roses ! buy a rose,
 Their sale extending everywhere !
 These words you'll hear wherever grows
 This English flower so sweet and fair.

Beloved Alexandra, Queen,
 Denmark's Princess and Lady to our land,
 Did first initiate this glorious work,
 Encouraged it with fond and gracious hand.

Adieu, Queen Mother, our sweet English rose !
 In ripened bloom thy petals fall,
 But leave a scented trail behind,
 Which we, in love, shall e'er recall.

Memories, precious memories—
 Succeeding ages still will hand them down—
 Of Alexandra, our beloved Queen,
 The loyal Consort of our Royal Crown !
JOHN O. JOSE.

EMPIRE DAY

This is the day that marks the royal birth
 Of that great lady who was once our Queen ;
 Whose Empire was the mightiest on earth,
 Whose reign the longest that has ever been.

As Monarch, she her duties well fulfilled,
 Towards that Empire that she loved so dear ;
 As Queen and Empress, she a pattern was
 To other 'Kings and Queens,—she had no peer.

Victoria ! her name for wisdom stood ;
She was as greatest of all sovereigns, known ;
Most motherly she was of all the Queens
That ever sat upon an earthly throne.

That golden age, her sixty years of reign,
Was rightly graced with Jubilee and song ;
But then, alas ! a sudden sadness came—
Ended that rule that had been hers so long !
JOHN O. JOSE.

ARMISTICE DAY

Lest We Forget

To-day our thoughts go far and wide :
Great Britain here doth lead the way ;
This tribute, dear, exampled to the world,
With her Dominions, she doth gladly pay.

Flanders Poppies for Remembrance :
What dearer memories live than these ?
Their colour bright with deep significance,
Their message floats upon the breeze.

Both Sovereign House and subjects, all
Pay homage to those gallant men ;
In that great silence on November morn,
We think of those who passed beyond our ken.

Their duty done in sacrifice divine—
Adornment of our storied page, the best !
Will live, sublime, until the end of Time :
God grant them, one and all, His blessed Rest !
JOHN O. JOSE.

CORNWALL

Cornwall, dear old Cornwall,
 Sweet County of my birth !
 The fairest in Great Britain, free,
 There's nowhere else in all the earth
 That can compare with you, to me.
 What ancient mem'ries round thee crowd !
 What stories, great, of thee are told !
 To Cornishmen is ever dear
 The history of thy days of old.
 Duchy of sunshine and of flowers—
 Where blooms more fair, the queen of all,
 The rose, than in thy stately bowers?—
 Though with royal splendour crowned thy past,
 Thy present hath an equal name :
 God bless thy Royal Duke, and add
 A future of increasing fame !

JOHN O. JOSE.

ELIZABETH

For over forty prosperous years
 This great and loved Queen had her reign ;
 Great victories, great Literature—
 Drake, Raleigh, shared in Shakespeare's fame.

This period marked the building up
 Of Britain in all needed ways ;
 The stepping-stones of Empire laid,
 On which after sets the sun's gold rays

'Twas time of much magnificence,
Of "spacious times" crowned with success;
Of Progresses, when all the Land
Did honour to their good Queen Bess.

JOHN O. JOSE.

WHY DESPAIR?

Are there some folk in this world of ours,
Feeling alone and depressed?
'Tis because they know that by their hand
No one is cheered and blessed.

Does anyone feel that it's not worth while
To take part in the battle of life?
'Tis because their time has been occupied
With lower and meaner strife.

Are there some souls that have lost their hope
Of doing great things for Him?
'Tis because they've neglected the little things,
For some mistaken whim.

If you befriend a lonely soul,
You'll find that you can smile;
If you fight for right with all your might,
You'll find Life's well worth while.

If you take courage, then hope will return,
You will find that despairing was sin;
And your heart will be warmed and softened again
By the glow of the Christ-life within.

ELSIE M. KELLY.

MOTHERHOOD

A joy untold has come to me, sent by the Lord's own
Hand—

I know that surely I shall be a Mother in the land.
I care not what the sex will be, it is enough for me
That I am chosen by His will to bear, and fruitful be.

The visions that before me roll as I await the time
When, by His will, my child is born, they elevate my
mind:

And while I wait, my thoughts will be that I'll be under-
stood

By the Creator of us all—I welcome Motherhood!

KENELM.

PEACE

Oh, Man of Galilee, oh, come,
Grant us your peace in every home;
Cause warring on the earth to cease—
Lord God Almighty, grant us peace.

In days long past, the angels sang
“Peace on the Earth, goodwill to men”;
To Shepherds on the hills of Galilee,
Was sung that Heavenly melody.

Two thousand years have gone since then,
Still there's no peace on earth for men;
The Prince of Darkness still holds sway—
Lord, give us Light, show us the Way.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Light !
Oh, Prince of Peace, make clear our sight,
That we may understand Thy theme,
And gain Thy Peace in every home.

KENELM.

OUR VOYAGE.

A ship once sailed on a golden morn
O'er a wide and glittering sca,
As alone my love and I were borne
On our voyage to a far country ;
The ensign of hope flew gaily above,
In colours brave and rare,
And we steered our course by a chart of love,
'Neath summer skies so fair.

We passed grim rocks that threatened our barque,
And we laughed at the stormy blast ;
For though sunshine fled and clouds loomed dark,
Our good ship stood firmly and fast ;
Now as onward we sail secure from harm,
All fears and dangers spent,
Together we'll glide through a wondrous calm,
Then step ashore content.

G. KINNEAR.

AUTUMN

Nature prepareth for her tranquil sleep
Beneath the snows of winter cold and deep ;
And all around fall calm and quiet days,
Filled with the glory of the sunshine rays.
Oh ! Days that fly so fast when we are young,
And clamour to be gone with ceaseless tongue,

Tell us, pausing a moment to depart,
 What will become of each true loving heart
 When, like sweet Nature, we prepare for sleep
 Beneath the snows of life, and in the deep
 Of Mother Earth we lie all hushed and still—
 Will it be well with us, and free from ill?
 And shall we wake again, and see and know
 The wonders of that Land beyond the snow?

RUTH LAMB.

QUERY

I wonder if the sun's the Eye of God?
 An awesome thought, that makes one pause, and odd
 In its great gravity!
 Or is it, p'r'h'aps, the flaming sword which guards
 The lock (no key of ours can turn the wards,)
 And gate to Deity?

The moon, who shines but with her borrowed light,
 Might be the mirror, by the which, at night,
 Upon her silvered face,
 All things reflected are most faithfully,
 So that the sun may read them truthfully,
 And every action trace.

It is not quite impossible. For, know,
 All things that live, all worlds, all winds that blow,
 Revolve around the sun.
 E'en so the whole creation moves round God,
 Obedient to His slightest Will or Nod,
 Th'appointed race to run.

RUTH LAMB.

MIST

This wind would have sighed as it whistled thro' the
heather :

The echo of that sigh now, is blowing thro' my heart,
With a sob in the breath of it, and mist of lonely tears—
Sighing, sighing thro' the heather, with the passing of
the years.

The sedge will be reddened with the cold winter weather,
And across the dreary mountain the curlew wheel and dart,
As the wind that cries around them, drives the grey mist
o'er the grass,

And in silent-marching squadrons the ghostly legions pass.

The saffron-kilted clansmen, with bronzed and weary
faces,

Pass beside the chieftains and a train of long-dead kings ;
And the pipers play them onward with a tune that has
no sound,

And the tramping feet of thousands leave no mark upon
the ground.

They're haunting now for ever those mist-wreathed empty
places—

Defeated folk who strove for unattainable far things :
The grey shroud round them holds them, and will never
let them free,

But their pleading voices follow over land and over sea.

A shivering little whisper the mighty world embraces—
A memory of the mist now a wind unceasing brings,
With heartache in the breath of it, and homesickness
and pain,

For the wandering, lonely spirits that may never rest again.

DOREEN S. LAMBERT.

FEAR

Where fear holds sway, there is no light,
No sweetness, beauty, peace, or sight ;
No visions fair, no perfume, flower—
Dark are her eaves, and dark her bower.

Where fear holds sway, we cannot bridge
The gulf so deep, so high the ridge ;
We dare not face the depth below,
All shadowy lies the way we go.

But where Faith dwells, and Hope is King,
Love opens doors, and Angels sing ;
The gateway to the heart is wide
Where Courage and fair Hope abide.

M. O. LANCASTER.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

The Church of Christ !—where men may pray
And lay their offerings at His feet ;
A door that opens, night and day,
Where welcoming love alone shall greet.
The Church of Christ !—No incense burns,
For thro' the mighty portals sweep
The breath of God, Whose glory turns
To living splendour, strong, and deep.

The Church of Christ, one day, I know,
Will rise in beauty 'neath our sky,
Where men in thankfulness will go,
Nor pass His portal by.

M. O. LANCASTER.

THE GREATER PATRIOTISM

When shall the patriot's glorious fire
Be used to weld the nations?

Why must he build a funeral pyre
For all his aspirations,

By love that is too blind to see,
That others love as well as he?

The Plainsman loves his rolling plains,
The Highlander his hills;

The love I bear my country lanes
Is just the same that fills

The Townsman's heart with conscious pride
For Halls and Streets and Bridges wide.

The passionate desire to hold

Each hill and vale and town,

The which our sires in days of old

Have won and handed down,

Is bright with fire that might do much,

Did we but see in others such.

The Townsmans Halls are also mine,

My Lanes and Hills are his:

Across the seas, beyond the line

Of man-made boundaries,

Men love, as we, their ancient lands

And guard with pride their native strands.

Comes a voice that must be heard,

When every pulse shall leap,

And every soul be stirred,

And every heart a tryst shall keep

Beneath the banner then unfurled—

“For God, the King of all the world!”

H. P. LAURENCE.

COWS

Cows, melancholy-eyed and sober,
Drowsily chewing the sweet-flowered clover
Where the gnats hover, and the bees gather
Their succulence from the offered flower.

Then to the pond, processionally lowing,
And ploughing their feet in the muds soft going,
And drinking deep of the stagnant water,
Where the dragon-flies skim, and falter.

To the whitewashed cow-shed, moving slow,
At last they come, and dreamingly go
To their rightful place in the long brick row.

DAPHNE LAWES.

EVENING

A June hush filled the swiftly darkening orchard,
The trees put on the mystery of night ;
And soft was the sound of the earth's sensuous emotion,
As thirstily she drank of the dew's delight.

Mists, of moving shadows, flocked from the meadows,
Wending slow like sheep in a dreamlike fold,
That gradually vanish as dawn discloses
Her blood-red fingers, stained from her blood-red soul.

DAPHNE LAWES.

THIS BABY OF OURS

Such a winsome wee thing,
With its soft dimpled chin,
Its starry bright eyes,
Just as blue as the skies ;

Its tiny wee hands,
With fingers so graceful ;
Its toes, all pink-tipped,
So dainty and playful.

A smile Heaven-sent,
Has this baby of ours ;
'Tis sweet as the scent
Of the fragrant Spring flowers.

And even the tears
Which fill its dear eyes
When little pains trouble
Or small fears arise,

Are just gentle raindrops
Which fall from the blue
Plain saying he needs us—
“Come to me, do !”

At the end of the day,
When asleep in his cot,
We wonder if angels
Are guarding the spot

Where our darling lies sleeping,
A sweet tender flower—
Oh, who would not love
And work for this hour !

GERTRUDE LAWS.

**“THERE SHALL BE KINGS IN
ENGLAND YET”¹**

There shall be Kings in England, yet ;
And on her throne, oh, may there never set
The sun—her glory may she ne’er forget.

Such glory and a throng, where ride
No baseness, nor the steeds of high-arched pride,
But truth and honour trooping side by side.

And in that shining, glad array,
Let valiant names their valiant deeds display,
And pass in humble, but triumphant, way.

These be the crowns her lands to sway,
To where the utmost of her children stray,
And teach the world the coming, better day.

There shall be Kings in England, then,
And glory rise upon her throne again ;
These be the Kings to rule her Kings of men !
SAMUEL LAWSON.

¹ In answer to those who question the British succession.

SNOWDROPS

Bells of innocence,
Meekly adoring
The earth's dark womb
From whence you sprang ;
Pure as the snow-flakes
Silently falling,
Brushed with the Spring grass,
Kissed by the rain.

DAPHNE LAWES.

WINTER MORNING

Day is conceived in agony ;
Weals of crimson outrage the sky ;
The fields are raw,
Furrowed and bare,
Tossed in the luridness—

Steels and greys, and the blood of agony,
Starkness, and an unearthly stillness,
A frost-fingering in the wound called living . . .

Nature is aloof,
Gaunt in her aloneness ;
Somewhere,
In her still body,
A bloodless thing pulses resentfully

E. T. LEIGH.

SEPARATION

When I think of days spent apart from you,
I am downcast.

I long for the swift upward lift of your eyes,
The slow crimson in your cheeks
Which stain at my constant watching,
The languor of your head,
And drooping your neck, like a poppy-stalk,
To let your tresses shield your face from me,
And the sweet flower-fall of your hands.

I am downcast
When I think my unsayable thoughts,
When the hours ache with my inconsolable loneliness,
When the sky flickers with the tentative footsteps of
the dawn.

Oh ! days spent apart from you !
Oh ! aching repetition !
Day after day,
Each after each,
Sorrowfully following.

E. T. LEIGH.

THE SONG OF THE ENGINEERS

Ere the dawn's red flush is showing,
And the stars are still aglow,
You may see us softly going
To stand our watch below.

The passengers are sleeping—
They are safe from storm and wrack
While we keep those engines turning,
Till at last they bring us back.

Then down the ladders, swaying
With the gentle heave and roll,
To that harmony of thunder,
To the crankshaft's deep-voiced troll.
We stand, the mortal masters
Of these mighty man-made gods,
From the valve-rods, slim and swaying,
To the leaping piston-rods.

The dim and murky stoke-hold,
Like a dungeon in a dream,
Is filled with lovely music
Of a symphony in steam :
The gaunt and half-seen spectres,
Who with sweat and coal-dust shine,
The slaves and yet the masters—
The servers at the shrine.

From the stern-gland to the stoke-hold,
We watch on ev'ry beat,
When we're rocking in the tempest
Or we're stifled by the heat.
We keep those engines turning
From the Line to London Pool ;
Engineers from out of Britain,
We serve, and yet we rule.

R. W. LEIGHTON-LOWE.

MEDITATION

'Twas morning. Behind the mount the sun
 Rose up in the East. The sky was red,
 A flaming red, which lit the heavens, and sloped
 Across the hill-tops and projecting cliffs.

How glad I was to look down on that scene
 Once again, and regard the vision
 Which accompanied me in my youth !
 There lay the little bay, with its ships
 Nestling against one another, like sheep in a field ;
 The water, blue, and tinted with the red
 Of the sky, forming a picture which no living artist
 Could have truly portrayed.

I sighed, and sat me down on the sloping hill,
 From which I gazed upon this beautiful view,
 And let my mind wander back, yes, far back,
 To those dim and distant days when I, as a youth,
 Ran up and down and amongst these hills, laughing,
 And enjoying the very air I breathed.
 But, as for all of us, youth left me !
 I left those hills—the grass—the bay—
 To live a life of books ! books ! in the cold drud-
 gery ~
 Of a cramped office, where, with fingers besmeared with
 ink,
 My years were spent in abject misery.
 Youth and spirit left me ; and I became a slave to my
 work, c
 With only a few occasional rays of light, breaking,
 What seemed to me, eternal darkness !

But once again it was all before me, a veritable picture ;
And there rose within me a love for all that was beautiful . . .

How thankful am I to her, to Nature, who has taught
me

The true secret of enjoying life, and revealed to me
The Beauty of all Loveliness !

A. LEVER.

REMEMBRANCE

Do we remember ?
Can we forget
The beauty of the lives
Laid on the rack of circumstance,
Of merciless sacrifice ?

Of sacrifice, for what ?
For the sins of a world at strife,
Pursuing death, not life ;
When all were in the wrong,
And none perceived the right.

Yet still they live,
With clearer vision gained
From knowledge of His purpose
And scanning of His ways,
Whose wisdom stands unchanged.

And we, what are we doing,
To purify the earth,
To make His purpose plain,
To justify their lives,
And work out The Design ?

ELSIE LOCKWOOD.

DREAMS

I dream of a world made beauteous
By the labour of man's hand,
And the guiding light of Principle,
For the wise who understand.

I dream of cities so wondrous,
Whose ways are so broad and fair,
That beauty, truth and goodness
May find habitation there.

I dream of beings all glorious,
To dwell in the cities fair ;
The wisdom of God is reflected—
They truly His image bear.

ELSIE LOCKWOOD.

LOVE'S EYES

Twin pools of Myst'ry
That radiate desire ;
Longing, pleading, loving,
They call responsive fire.

Through mystic veil of silken lash,
The flames of love burn bright ;
Two beacons rare, for troubl'd heart
To mend beneath their light.

Twin mirrors of the soul,
Reflecting sacred fire
From other eyes that yearn
To kindle their desire.

E. NOEL LODGE.

DAWNING

Rippling waters in the East,
Shimmering in the light,
Greet the dawning of the day,
That swiftly follows night.

Though enchantment fills each hour
From nightfall until dawn,
The gentle breath of Romance
Is still'd when day is born.

So through all the hours of night,
Love's Rhapsodies enthrall;
Shrouded glamour of the hours,
The dawning will recall.

E. NOEL LODGE.

A BRITISH WAR CEMETERY IN FRANCE—1923

Hard by the road, a levelled patch of ground,
With wire rail enclosed and oaken gate;
All trim and quiet now, but once of late
Torn up by shell and smit with battle's sound.

Yon strip of green, yon narrow earthy mound,
With wooden crosses marked, which alternate,
Are love's last link with officer and mate,
And many a fallen soldier—name unfound.

O England! these were thine; they left thy shore
To fight for freedom, to return no more:

To them, how great thy everlasting debt!
May Liberty's best part be found in thee—
Regard for others, that they may be free!

Remember these, remember, not forget!

E. R. LYTH.

FOOLS

Well, Noah, you must be a fool,
 Building a boat so big,
 So far from the sea, and all !
 What on earth for, I can't twig.

Abram, where are you going ?
 You do not know, did I hear ?
 You can't think what you're doing,
 Going you don't know where !

And Moses, I didn't think you
 Would shirk a position like that :
 What foolish thing next will you do ?
 Think ! The height you might have been at !

Fancy, Rahab, hiding spies !
 What a risky thing to do !
 Then going and telling a pack of lies !
 How awfully foolish of you !

And David, you're a fool
 To make this monstrous plan—
 To fight a giant but twelve feet tall,
 And you a half-grown man !

And Mary, what's this waste ?
 Why throw such costly stuff away ?
 The poor folks suffer thro' your haste ;
 What mad things happened in your day !

These all were fools for the sake of Christ—
 Fools in *the eyes of the world* :
 In the eyes of *Himself*, how precious were they,
 One half can never be told.

AMY M. LUCAS.

SUNSET IN THE ATLANTIC AT GLEN COLUMBKILLE

With gorgeous flames ascendant, the great Sun,
As conscious of his strength, sits down in state ;
Caparisoned with light, his henchmen wait
Him timely honour, and his errands run.

Mid sea and sky is set his gleaming throne ;
A glowing azure arch hangs conjugate
With jacinth waves, that bear a golden freight,
While molten clouds assume a crimson tone.

Now ope the portals of the Western Gate
His splendid steeds speed off the victory won,
While slow he quits his realm in majesty,
And, like a welcomed warrior, too great
For semblance, doffs the robes that glittering shone ;
Nor blare nor roll of drum—all silently.

E. R. LYTH.

GRANDMA, MOTHER AND ME

I wandered back, as in a dream,
To a scene of childhood's days—
Of clover fields, a running stream,
And narrow winding ways,
And a little house down in the dell,
Where violets in profusion dwell

A little girl I see at play,
In gingham gowned, all bright and gay ;
Her hair in braid, tied with a bow,
Her face with innocence aglow—
I was that girl of long ago.

How happy I was in that land far away,
Where life's only worries were sunshine and play,
With never a thought of that sweet shining light,
Who taught me so gently the right way of life !

How often in evenings, when lights were all low.
We'd sit by the fire, and the embers watch glow !
In her arms I would nestle, as gently she'd rock—
To the tick-tock so gentle of Grandma's old clock—
And that was Mother and me.

I remember, too, a vision fair,
Of a dear old dame with snow-white hair ;
Her hands never idle, fond tasks she would do
Unsparingly working, unselfish and true.
She others helped their burdens well to bear :
Her great Creed, " Love thy neighbour as thyself,"
She wrought in practice throughout her long life.

What memories fond I have of her sweet smile,
As she each night would tuck me up in bed,
Of bed-time stories, and her parting kiss :—
Nor years nor space that vision can erase,
Of Grandma, Mother and Me !

TERRY MAC.

MORNING PRAYER

Our hearts do leap in love of Thee,
As all around, in wondrous world,
Clear emblems ever do we see,
Of Thy Divine grace plain unfurled.

May we in every form and deed,
Discern Thy in-wrought good design,
Which holds salvation as the meed
Of life, and to Thy care resign !

As softest showers that fall from heaven,
Let sweet instruction, apt, descend,
Imparting life, to drive to haven
Our innocent souls, which Thou dost tend.

Our hearts do throb in gratitude,
For all the blessings Thou hast giv'n ;
That Thou dost keep us safe and good,
Though care would our poor hearts have riv'n.

Like lowly flower, soft-washed by dew,
Fresh from the night's calm, sweet repose,
Which, by Thy mercy, nature knew,
In prayer we do our eyelids close.

From all Thy beauteous things created,
Let us Thy holy lessons glean,
To move in world with hearts elated,
In safest joys o' Thy golden mean !

JAYANTH MANGIAH.

THE BROKEN MASTERPIECE

No earthly vision e'er could so entrance
A Human soul, as that which Ámen saw :
Raised high above this world, his waking glance
Caught sights opposed to every law of Earth.
"Oh, why, oh, why," quoth he, "hath such a sight
Been granted me, a humble child of clay,
To torture me, who cannot take my flight,
To live, Eternal, in that Land of Day?"—

"Seek thou, Ámen, the rarest marble Earth
Can give; then diligently set to work,
To carve with care the image that found birth
Within thy soul. And do not seek to shirk,
For I would show Myself yet one time more
To mortal man. And when thy work is done,
I'll fill it with Eternal glory, pour
My life within it.—Go!—do thou My will, O Son!"

So Amen worked. But when each morn he came,
Eager and fresh, then to resume his task,
He marvelled much—thought his own haste to blame—
At all the ugly flaws which, plain, did mask
The splendour of his work. Yet patiently
He carved away, still ever carved away,
Correcting blemishes, till, suddenly,
The statue fell—a mass of shattered clay!

Then from the Silence came again the Voice :
"Why weepest thou, O Son?—Amen, behold,
Thy work did please Me not—thy hasty choice
Of stone was bad; so I thy rival, bold,

Did send to spoil. Rebuild ! But seek thou, first,
From¹ out the Land of Bliss, a metal proved and tried,
Which naught of Earth can mar. Thy thirst
To do My will shall then be satisfied.”—

And Ámen spoke his name—“*Ámen !*”

LUCINDA ALFIERI MARSH, N.D.

IN PRAISE OF SCOTIA'S BARD

Of all the various poems I have read,
To me, the works of Burns the list doth head.
His poems are so very real and true,
As proved to-day ; though old, they're ever new.

For inspiration caus'd him, more or less,
His views to write on paper and express :
His love of humble folk, and nature, too,
Makes Rabbie's name revered the whole world
through.

Because the humble folk Burns did adore
Is why his name's still loved on every shore ;
As in his poems there's a human strain
His writings live—they have not been in vain.

And though the world of Burns is now bereft,
His writings for memorial, they are left ;
Treasured not only by the humble poor,
But prais'd by kings and lords the wide world o'er.

ROBERT McDOWALL.

IN MEMORY

" O Death ! where is thy sting ?
O grave ! where is thy victory ? "
This, our beloved brother (or sister), now
Has left the working-gown of flesh,
To don the radiant robes of Heaven,
To wear the dazzling victor's crown.

Then, shall we weep for him (or her) ? Oh, nay !
For fear we cause him to look back.
And looking back, to falter, lose
His gaze upon that fulgent Light
Which leads him on to bliss,
Which leads him from our earth.

Ah ! let us rather gaze with him
Upon that dazzling Light
Above . . . below . . . within . . . without,
Eternal and undying ;
Unlimited by Space and Time
Herald, unspeakable, of Peace.

Then in our mortal hearts
Shall grow their flickering light,
To fuse with that ineffable, Light of Heaven,
-In me, in thee, in him (or her) we love ;
Whose radiant spark shall touch with life
Us dead ones here below,
And wrap us all within its glow ;
We *must not pull him down from there*,
Our woe ineffable to share.

Requiescat in Pace.

LUCINDA ALFIERI MARSH.

SHINE, OH, STARS !

Shine, oh, stars !
Thy mission ne'er forgetting,
Light this glad night—
Life has now her setting.
Shine, oh, moon !
Let thy blaze of glory now restore me,
That I may in thy beauteous light
New visions see, my fears forgetting.

Methought that life was lived—
That life not yet begun.
The day-dreams of the yesterdays
To-night take form, to-night take form.
The golden dawn may yet ensnare me,
But its cold beauty will then spare me,
Will then spare me.

The broken threads are woven now anew ;
Fresh dreams ascend, their incense but the dew
Which has refreshed their dawning.
The burning heart, which gave them birth,
Still yearns and strives and dreams.
The throbbing pulse of time beats on,
And will not stay her march ;
And above the sweetness of her music,
Are the strangled cries of the heart,
As bravely she builds her castles of dreams
On the hopes of yesterday

CORDELIA LANGLEY MARTIN.

WHAT GOOD IS SCHOOL?

My Ma says I must start to school,
A place I do not like ;
To-morrow I will go, I s'pose,
And learn to read and write.
My Gran' says I'll be all right, there,
Have lots of fun and play,
Then hurry home when school is out,
And worry 'bout next day.

And then I hear Ma calling me—
" Abby, it's time for school ! "—
Gee lieck ! I'd like to sleep some more !
Ma's gone and changed her rule—
" Don't take so long to wash your neck ;
And shine your face quite bright ;
You have to get to school on time,
And hurry home at night ".

Could some one tell who started school?—
I'd really like to know ;
My Uncle says it was not he,
Nor was it Auntie Flo.
I think my ma could really tell
About this awful style,
For the more and more I worry,
She has a funny smile.

My Uncle Earl did not like school—
He says " his knowledge grows ",
He says, " This cross old Ma'am had got
A big wart on her nose."

It's awful how school worries me,
And no one seems to care ;
I've lost my smile, I cannot sing,
And laugh—I wouldn't dare !

A. C. MCINTYRE.

RESTLESSNESS

Something is tearing and hurting me,
Tearing and hurting this soul ;
And burning me, calling me wildly,
As I stand at my window and gaze
In the starlight's limpid glow.

And why does this mortal conflict rage,
On endless quests of torture,
In bosom and brain perpetually ?
And why is the body wracked with dread
As to what the end will be ?

Is the power that is urging me,
Born of the world outside there,
Or is it sprung from Heart's emotion,
Or rigged up by maddening Fancy
And clothed with regal power ?

The questions they blaze and they hurry
Along the channels of Thought,
In the midst of the brain that's roaming
Through vast seas of Imagination,
And on to some peaceful shore.

But no answer comes from the darkness
That's clothing the silent earth :
And the movements made by my lips
Are silent utterances of prayer
That some Joy may spring from Hope.

KATHLEEN E. MCDANIEL.

THE EAGLE

Within the Selkirks, far above the earth,
Lifted among the clouds in regal state,
There towers on high a rock-formed pinnacle.
On its sheer breast, when evening spreads her wings,-
The rosy sunset sleeps: around about,
The mountain-summits burn like liquid fire
From Heaven's forge. Upon its top-most crest
Once sat alone, in solemn dignity,
A monarch of the air: above him hung
The eternal blue, and stretching out beneath,
He saw the glitter of the glassy lake,
On whose clear face the inverted rock is mirrored
There, to the eastern point the befeathered Cree
Paddled his frail canoe, a lessening speck
Seen from that high altitude. There, raised
From every meaner thing of earth and air,
In lonely meditation by the sun,
He held communion with his inward self,
Among the snows of a perpetual winter,
While all else paled around him. On that throne
He sat, the symbol of earth's mightier man,
The master of a vastly wider range
Of view than those whose scope is grossly narrowed.
In that clear atmosphere he comprehends
How minds may be exalted, and reviews
Life's panorama with a sage's eye,
In harmony with Truth. From reason's height
His thoughts at last, in calmest retrospection,
Look backward on a trail of golden deeds,
Serene in consciousness of life's success,
And waiting for the great immortal change.

HOWARD MICHIE.

HEART OF GOLD

Dear Friend, with Heart of Gold !
 Whose charms are never told,
 But day by day they just unfold
 As some sweet flower that, still controlled
 By banded bud, puts forth its essence,
 And only so we guess its presence.
 It is this fragrance, unobtrusive,
 That adds so much that is elusive,
 To that dear heart, dear Heart of Gold !

Oh, Heart of Gold, kind Friend !
 Who other hearts contrives to mend :
 When, day by day, so crushed, they bleed,
 They seek, and find, in you their need,
 That you may ply your balm, and heal.
 And so 'tis thus you teach to kneel,
 To rise again, and walk erect
 The path whereon this life is set :
 And then—to bless you, Heart of Gold !

Dear Heart of Gold, oh, wisest Friend,
 Who, with your calm, can always lend
 The courage for a great new birth !
 When all the world seems nothing worth—
 When all the dreams but monument
 To those dead hopes of sweet content,
 And all the cherished work of years
 Is swept away in floods of tears—
 Your calm becomes our benison !

Then, Heart of Gold, it stands revealed !
 The Source, the Strength, from which you wield
 This power for good, this power to teach
 The selfless love—within our reach—
 This is from God. And "*God is Love*" !

CLEMENTINA MILES.

TO LONDON

On the wide open road, in the first flush of morning,
When the blue, hazy mists the grey hills are adorning,
And the brown moors unroll, with their stacks of dry peat,
Green fern and heather, where hidden paths meet ;
Through dark towns of labour, with shuttle and loom,
Chimney and furnace, where industries boom ;
Now houses of stone, standing bare, 'mid walled fields,
Streams of clear water, which North moorland yields ;
Hard, stern, grey country being left far behind,
Giving way to soft outlines, as Southwards I wind
Past hedges of hawthorn with nettles and brambles,
Old dying trees o'er which ivy scrambles,
Grey, lichened churches, with yews clustered round,
Hayricks and homesteads, now village with pound,
Historical ruins, crumbling and mellow,
Swamps, with their osiers, alder and willow,
Parkland of chestnut, leaves green, blossoms white,
Copses and spinneys, trees dark and trees light,
Cottages with thatch, a once famous inn—
The Bell at Stilton, which sheltered Turpin ;
There, on the right, a lane I know—
I trod it with you not long ago :
All these flash before my eye,
As on my way to London I fly.

SABRA MILLIGAN.

REUNION

Since the days on that far planet, radiant with a life
divine,
Where we lived in bliss unspeakable, thy soul at one with
mine,
Where the silence was but broken by the nightingale and
dove,
Adown the ages have we journeyed to find each other, love !

In thine eyes then shone a glory which no shadow could
make dim ;
In thy voice a sound of waters rippling softly o'er life's
brim,
Calling forth from desert places rarest flowers, a rainbow
sheen,
Making glad the sun-reft spaces with a veil of verdant green.

Till asudden fell grim darkness, mantling all things in its
fold,
Blotting out each sacred memory, deep inwrought with joy
untold !

.

And now this wondrous miracle, when lo ! those golden
days
Which had seemed for ever buried at the parting of our ways,
Mirrored forth from out oblivion, in thine eyes, upon thy
face,
Strike anew our inward vision from across the starless
Space !

And those years of shrouded silence still re-echo to our
vows,
Whispered softly mid the music of the pine-trees stately
boughs ;
Now, as then, a sky of sapphire 'gainst the pearl rim of the
sea,
With the selfsame sun fast sinking, and thyself, Beloved,
and me !

Our souls' memories thus revealed by our re-awakened Love,
This gift divine, unquenchable, shall now, triumphant prove
That through the unborn ages Our Love shall ever be
As God Himself—unchangeable throughout Eternity !

CLARA E. A. MOORE.

MORNING

Red fingers streak the Heavens,
Forcing through the grey,
Warm beams strike the hilltops,
Chasing clouds away.

In glorious light the sun,
Like a fire of molten gold,
Bursts forth to awaken the Earth
From her long sleep, cold.

SABRA MILLIGAN.

LITTLE FISH

Little fish, little fish,
Tell me truly what you wish,
Floating, in your crystal bowl,
Without a soul, without a soul!
Floating, without privacy,
With everyone your life to see!
Have you got some hidden dream?—
In your mind some secret theme,
Born in holy secrecy,
Which every little child can see?
Is your heart as gold in hue
As every shimmering scale of you?
An angel are you to us sent,
To learn from you to be content?
'Tis true I feed you; God feeds me:
Is this your holy secrecy?
Little fish, little fish,
Tell me truly what I wish:
Do I wish to be like you,
Both in heart and colour, true?
You look at me, with goggling eyes,
In wonderment and mild surprise
That I should ask you, little fish,
What each of us at heart should wish!
Was my soul as frank as you,
And as plainly shewn to view,
Would it move with half your grace,
Or shew such a contented face?

THE HON. EVAN MORGAN.

CONSOLATION

Oh, great grey crags
Where sea-birds nest,
Oh, boundless tide,
Thy power fulfil ;
Speak to our unquiet, restless hearts,
And teach them to be still !

Oh, gentle hills,
All verdure-clad,
Where meek white lambs
In Springtime play,
Or cry, with tender, plaintive note,
When from their ewes they stray—

Speak, quiet hills,
To our restless hearts,
Speak to our souls,
and calm their pain ;
Teach us to know, though storms may beat,
The Spring will come again !

WINIFRED A. MORGAN.

GETHSEMANE

It was a glorious day, one Tuesday morn,
With cloudless sky and radiant dawn ;
A busy street—gay shoppers there—
And life and bustle everywhere.

At half-past ten we stopped awhile
For morning tea, a chat and smile,
A jest to pass, a joke to tell—
When, suddenly, our faces fall.

Great rumbling sounds and rocking earth !—
Oh, God, Who gave mankind his birth,
Help us in this our stricken hour ;
Guide us, and keep us with Thy power !

'Mid falling brick and breaking glass,
To open air the people pass ;
They gaze around them in dismay—
Disaster on this perfect day !

What desolation meets our eyes !
We, dumb, our gaze turn to the skies :
Oh Lord ! have *we* deserved all this?—
Many are dead, and many missed.

Sunny Napier, how dear you paid !—
Your pretty town in ruins laid !
Oh, plucky people, true and great,
Ne'er to forget thy awful fate !

MURIEL MORICE.

LONE, DRIFTING SPAR

Lone, drifting spar, whence come you? from what wild
Ocean spaces,
On what far shore one time your branches waved?
Perhaps once beneath your shade fair children danced like
Graces?
Perhaps once near quiet graves, with marbles deep en-
graved
You grew to stately height, or, in the forest gloom,
Listed the far stars tales of seas, and coming doom?

Then over curving seas, by stretching canvas carried,
To the strange marts, where strange men buy and sell,
Or, in the land-locked Bay, mid other spars, you tarried,
Listing the tales of storm, and wreck they had to tell,
Or, leaving ocean ways, up the great Rivers sailed,
To inland Ports from which your seaman brothers hailed.

Then on a foretold day, wild winds the waters drove,
Into great waves with green heads capped with foam,
That stretched out eager hands, and with each other strove,
Crying, "Ye sons of men, thou art welcome, now come home
Come to our quiet deeps, the best is ours to give!
On earth ye struggle, and strive, strive wearily to live.

"We offer ease from toil, weary toil that comes to naught,
Balm for the healing of wounds ye gain on your Earth so
rude;
We offer safety from dangers with which Earth's life is
fraught."

But the fearless ones replied, "The Earth is green and good;
For us the hearth fires burn, and by the fire waits Love:
Ye have nothing better to give, nor have the Heavens
above."

But the great waves made reply, " There is naught in Love
 But Pain :
 We offer you Rest, safe Rest—It is sweet beyond your
 ken " ;

And only a spar drifts back to tell us that once again,
 The sea gave God's best gift to the Sons of Men.—
 Lone drifting spar, that comes from the wild Ocean spaces,
 Where waves are marked for aye with memory-haunting
 faces !

ALBERTA IRENE MORTON.

LOVE O' LIFE

Hunt the golden-antlered deer to a goddess' sheltering arms ;
 Mid their templed gardens old, claim a wood-nymph's rosy
 charms ;
 Give a year of glorious life to a search for far-off gold ;
 Hear the great bergs crash, and bear the skin cracking,
 biting cold.
 Over billowing desert sands chase the swift gazelle ;
 Paint fair Egypt as she stands, by her curbed well ;
 Mid the Rockies' mighty crags, chase the leaping Big Horn ;
 Watch the moonset followed by purple-rayed and white
 morn.

Ride the plunging surf just perched on a slender board ;
 Fling great largess to the poor from a miser's hoard ;
 Give a white and blameless life to my erring brothers ;
 Quaff the golden wine of life, like a thousand others.
 Write the words that stir men's souls to a high endeavour ;
 Lead embattled armies on, to fame that lives for ever ;
 Thus a thousand lives I live, fear not death nor age,
 When I, by my fireside, still, turn the printed page.

ALBERTA IRENE MORTON.

MAY-DAY

To Maia, Mother of Mercury, with Springtime garlands hung,
The Roman Priesthood sacrificed, their smoking censors
swung,

To usher in the month of Maia, Spring month of the year,
To bring the fruits, and flowers, their wells of water clear.

The English folk of olden times, arising with the dawn,
Welcomed the month of May in, upon some ancient lawn,
And decked themselves, the great and least,

With branches green; while chanting priests
Marched to a wood, and brought away

A great May Pole to mark the day;

Then planted deep the goodly pole.

While, round about its shining bole,

The people, fruits and flowers bring

To Flora, Goddess of the spring.

So nowadays on field and lawn, the merry children dance
and play,

And gaily wind the May-pole up, to welcome in the month of
May.

O weary, wildered sons of Earth, there's always May,
Bringing the joy, the peace, the Summer's day.

Better our day than the Roman times, the Roman will,
Or gay King Henry holding his Court on Shooter's Hill.

Better our singing times; better to love your neighbour,
Than call your fellow man a brute but made for labour.

Better to strive for good, though the striving seem so vain,
Remembering the victories of Peace have brought us much

of gain—

Gain to Homeland and Hall, gain to Church and Mart,
Gain to the outerlands, where our envoys play their part.

So we hope on, strive on, remembering, whatever the day.
After the strife, there's Peace, after the Winter, May.

ALBERTA IRENE MORTON.

EVENTIDE

A tender breeze caresses now my cheek,
It is the herald of the night's approach ;
The sun, his day's work done, now slowly sinks,
His fevered brow to cool in Neptune's vast domain.

The distant hills take on more sombre hue,
Their midday green now into purple turns ;
Their swelling bosoms heave to meet the sky
And Heaven and Earth lie locked in close embrace.

The stately trees now all more solemn seem,
Their day-long wavings sink to tired nods ;
The morning wind which through their branches sang
Now sinks to lower pitch, more even time.

The blue grey smoke from yonder cottage stack,
Seems loath to come from its maternal home ;
Meandering, it takes its airy path,
Like children taking their slow way to school.

Yon sylvan stream bubbling like molten gold—
Its fiery surface now is cooling fast—
Forsakes its high-pitched gurgling of the day,
For throaty chuckles from its pebbly bed.

From yonder grey-stoned, lichen-coated tower,
Rings forth the mellow sound of evening bells,
Calling the village ancients from their homes,
Their sins to their Creator to unfold.

The curtain falls the daily play now ends,
Each player bows his exit and retires ;
Soon Mistress Moon will occupy the stage,
And, with her starry train well play her part.

F. J. Moss.

AN ANGEL
(An angelic beauty)

An angel she was, the heart's solace,
Radiant shining in love and grace !
A form beautiful—the Earth's wonder—
Born to enthrall and to conquer
Myriads of hearts in dazed admiration,
In reverent worship and meek submission,
Smiling in grace, but never won—
Like a far-off star in azure heaven,
A mystery, a phantom, or a mystic joy—
She was not a man's toy ;
Yet she made me happy once,
Fast held me in love's trance,
When she glanced on me in love divine,
Spoke in such tenderness sublime,
Enchanted me with such a kiss
As gave a taste of Heaven's bliss,
And so did make a slave of me,
Like millions more—a devotee !

DEVAPROSANNA MUKHERJI.

THE FIRE-FLIES' BANQUET

Look out on the night, yes, look out and listen !
See fire-flies !—like stars they twinkle and listen !
Not high in the trees, but low o'er the grass,
They move about, circle, give light where they pass.

Now darting, now flying, 'from this to that place,
As though they'd no purpose but covering space;
Whate'er is their motive, the glow from their light
Illumines the darkness, makes wondrous the night

Have they then no aim, as their lights, yellow, green
Shine bright in the darkness and light up the scene?
O'erhead, in dim shadow, are trees tall and grand;
And there the small fire-flies point straight, as with hand.

Across to the trunks, whether rugged or twisted!
Is it, then, that midnight has called and enlisted
These restless, small creatures, thus to demonstrate
That she can from darkness, make light, while we wait?

Hark!—the grasshopper's hiss, the croak of the toad
While this noiseless procession moves bright o'er the road
With tree-frog's dull whistle and bat's ugly noise!—
A mystery weird that makes midnight seem wise

With wisdom and charm that both tempt and invite,
When the day's fiery god hides his brilliance from sight
Sunset's most enchanting, but 'witching this hour,
When fire-flies' bright gleam make a true fairies' bower.

Soft zephyrs' sweet rustle is heard midst the trees,
And with it, the whispering song of the seas:
To a banquet do fire-flies now light their own way,
And hurry to get there ere breaketh the day?

Nor Dawn nor the Sunlight's for fire-flies the thing,
Night alone shows their beauty when they're on the wing:
See, still how they hasten, in motion sublime—
Some subtle sign warns them of passing of time

EMMA M. NOAD.

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN

To this monarch of our mountains,
Towering high o'er hills and plains,
With a calm, serene, majestic mien,
Whose lofty peak from sea is seen,
We climb, then feel we're nearer Heaven.

Almost overcome, this wide-spread splendour
Fills us with reverent, thrilling wonder.
Up here, so high, seem sea and land
Too vast, too great to understand
Why God gave man this beauteous panorama.

Ah! here, above life's strife and roar,
We see His purpose—evermore
To strengthen His great plan!
To prove His love; move soul of man
By scenes grand, mighty, full of beauty.

This peak inspires, it makes us glad.
O stately mountain, verdure-clad,
Alone, upon thy lofty summit,
Man realizes his own limit—
Is willing now to be at God's command.

Blue mountain, high, thy peaceful calm
Is restful, soothing as sweet balm.
Here one can think, then realize
The peace of God beyond the skies,
And yet, joy in earth's beauty, His gift to mankind.
EMMA M. NOAD.

THE WELL

Oh, secret Well,
What tales thy depth can tell!
What hidden treasure lies beneath thy surface still,
Alluring and enchanting!

'Tis not the opalescent surface of the sea,
Or the river winding on its silent course,
Or the brook's hypnotic melody—
'Tis the undercurrent holds us with its force.

'Tis that we never fathom that enthralls,
All veiled in mystery, on life's way;
The unknown, the incomprehensible, that calls
And holds us in its sway.

'Tis in thy dark and cavernous depth, oh Well,
The subtleties of life have strayed;
The priceless jewels are those we cannot sell,
And they within thy wondrous depth are laid!

FAITH O'DOHERTY.

MY STEED

My steed, My steed, it has two wheels,
A glorious handle which makes one feel,
When roaming thro' the countryside,
All aglow, on a country ride.

I call my steed my greatest pal,
Companion true none can equal;
It answers me in every way—
Steering or ordering, whichever I say.

Through the country, and through the dell,
We pedal along, and none can tell
The joy I feel when on the road
With my steed, my bike, my friend—no foe.

Down a winding path, in gentle speed,
Covered with fairy flowers and trees :
You look with pleasure, as you pass by,
And think, " Why, they look as happy as I ! "

BETA ORAM.

PUNCHINELLO

Silver and glass are sparkling,
Whiteness lies around ;
Polished wood and shining plate
Clatter familiar sound.

Laughter and jest fly quickly,
Smiles gleam in repartee ;
Gaiety dining with Circumstance
Bids Melancholy flee.

How coarse the glass material,
How vain the whited nap,
What ugliness dissembling
Shines from the diner's lap !

Just so the catching converse,
As futile, waves of wit—
Oh, how the dragging Sorrow
Swaggers resplendent fit !

Knives glint as the wind passes,
They cut deeply and well . . .
Happy are bubbling wine-cups . . .
Oh—what a laughing Hell !

ROBERT OVERY.

TOUCH

The human touch ! The highest link
Between heart, mind and soul ;
When words are failing as we think,
Then may a gentle touch make whole.

The human touch—and flesh thrills flesh
As throbbing heart pulsating moves :
The mind o'erlaps, divides afresh,
While ecstasy uplifting, proves

The human touch, at once, can make
The greatest spirit-fusion be ;
So do not shrink or start awake,
If such another touches thee.

ROBERT OVERY.

" BROKEN MEASURES "

Life is full of broken measures,
Objects unattained,
Sorrows intertwined with pleasures,
Losses of our costliest treasures,
Ere the heights be gained.

Every soul has aspirations
Still unsatisfied,
Memories, which cause the heart to throb again
In quick pulsation,
At the gifts denied.

We are better for the longing,
Stronger, for the pain ;
Through the harrowed soul come, thronging,
Seeds, for sun, and rain.

Broken measures—fine Completeness
In the perfect whole !
Life is but a day, in fleetness,
Richer, in all Strength and Sweetness,
Grows, the striving Soul.

A. H. PALMER.

LAMENT FOR "ADONIS"

There is a sea-bird crying on the shore,
And the rain-wind moaning in the trees ;
A sail flapping
And a mast creaking,
And the salt sea-spray in the breeze ;
The grey waves are breaking on the shore,
And the rain-clouds rolling overhead ;
Nature is weeping
As I am weeping,
For Love and Adonis are dead.

GERALD PARKER.

MY NEIGHBOUR

To exact *all* from my neighbour,
By no means can be just ;
For if God exacted *all* from me,
Naught would be left—but dust !

LILY PEARSON.

FEUILLES MORTES ¹

The slow-slid river underneath,
And voices in the air,
Echoing under the hanging arch,
Exquisitely clear.

Darkness, the moon and the lanterns lit,
A Fairyland for me,
Except that you only are not here—
But that may not be.

The funeral-flowers are dead now,
And the cypress by the grave ;
And countless dead leaves drift, sodden,
On Time's listless wave.

Pale spectres of long-dead memories
Drift down the moonbeams,
Swallowed now in the mists of the past,
Shadows of my dreams.

GERALD PARKER.

THE BOY AND THE CROCUSES

" Don't you think, little crocus of pink,
That crocus of yellow's a vain little fellow?
That crocus of mauve should not grow in your grove? "

Little crocus of pink held its head up to think ;
Said crocus of blue (batting in, it is true),
" It is thus : happy we, and content,
Where God planted us."

LILY PEARSON.

¹ (Written after hearing Madrigals sung on the river by night).

HOPE

Hope surely was born in the Morning,
Along with the light of day,
When the glorious sun was spreading
Hir colours 'taints skies of grey ;
The noon brought forth her glory,
The Twilight her fragrance divine :
But the Hope that lived through life's Evening—
Ah ! would that such hope were mine !

Hope surely was born in the Springtime,
Mid Sunshine and April Showers,
And grew into lovely childhood,
Along with the sweet May flowers ;
The Summer enriched her beauty,
The Autumn her peaceful smile :
But the Hope that lived through Life's Winter—
Ah ! that was the hope worth while !

Hope surely was born in a garden,
God's Garden, so sweet and fair ;
She grew up among the roses,
And flowers, both rich and rare ;
The bud shewed golden promise,
The blossoms were rich and fine :
But the Hope that lived through life's Harvest—
Ah ! that was the hope for all time.

ELSIE PAYNE.

CHANGING SCENES

As I sat on the bank of the river,
And watched the stream ripple along,
I thought of the Maker of all things—
How He furnished this world with a song.
The sound of the water was music,
As softly it fell on my ears,
And unto my nerves 'twas a tonic,
A rest to my mind from all fears.

But then, with darkness, changed the gentle breeze
Into a wind all roaring through the trees;
The river's ripples 'gan to rise and swell;
Now shook the reeds, and grasses in the dell.
I then caught the sound of a moaning,
And life was no longer a song;
But then came a voice clearly saying,
"Behold, it is gone!—it is gone!"

LILY PEARSON.

FIVE YEARS OLD

Should I kiss him, or shake hands?—
Tell me what his case demands.
Should my hungry arms enclose
His wee form; and should the rose
That he uses for a mouth
Meet my own? The jasmined South
Holds no balm so sweet as this
Nectar in my laddie's kiss!

Yet he's five brave summers old—
Calls himself a man, I'm told !
At my tiresome journey's end,
As my homeward way I wend,
Should I greet the babe of yore
As I greeted him before?
Or within his presence stand,
Gravely tendering my hand?

Neither baby, now, nor boy—
Spurning every childish toy ;
Swaggering with mannish stride,
Hands in pockets, feet set wide :
Scorning, as effeminate,
Huggings at the garden gate—
On the border-line he stands :
Shall I kiss him, or shake hands?

E. C. PENFOLD.

THE SPRING WILL COME AGAIN

(Sonnet)

The Spring will come again, with silver rain,
Like elfin bells that tinkle in the night
Across the chill and snowy fields of white,
And tap with gentle fingers on my pane.
And I shall wake to hear the rill again,
The whirr of wings from birds in endless flight,
And see the sod burst forth with flowers bright,
And know that Spring has come upon the plain.
And I shall drink the fragrant smell of turf,
Like rich warm wine that holds a rosy dream,
And wake to find my soul attune with earth,
Rejoicing in each bud and flower and stream,
And in my heart to feel a joyous mirth
In every task that once did weary seem.

END. M. PICKEL.

MY NATIVE LAND

Where skies are of the deepest blue,
Far o'er the ocean wide,
Where fragrant wattles scent the breeze.
My heart will e'er abide.
No matter wheresoe'er I roam,
There's just one spot on earth
For me in all this world of ours—
The land that gave me birth.

That land of wondrous sweeping plains,
Of forests grand, and tall;
Of wild and rugged mountain range—
Bright sunshine over all:
The rivers wending on their way,
The creek's soft over-flow;
The wild birds making melody,
As deep the shadows grow.

Sweet orchids deck the tree-tops tall,
And ferns the soft warm earth;
Whilst parakeets go screeching past,
Midst Kookaburra's mirth.
Ah! how I love my native land,
That bushland free, and wild!
For though I've left it many a day,
I'm still Australia's child.

EFFIE PINE.

"YOU WILL BE A MAN, MY SON"—*Rudyard Kipling*

As the shadow is inseparable,
So is the fate of man upon this sphere ;
But as the shadow lengthens or curtails,
So Fate, supreme, doth modify the " self "
To all the vast vicissitudes of Time.
The influence of other Men, of Time and Place,
All actuate the lot of Man, besides his own.
As sun and moon do shine upon all climes,
And give due light to all, regardless of
Their sex, or caste, or rank, wealth, virtue, age
So just and fair to all, the virtue true of God.
* Oft I hear thine appeal, " God, ope Thine eyes ! "
But why pray so ? why dost demand of Him
To ope *His* eyes ? The Most High laughs and says,
" I gave thee eyes, yet thou seest not correct."
Man's bound by law of his Past Acts on earth !
Thou sayest, " God is partial, for He gives
His riches to the rich." Son, 'tis not so ;
The deeds of God are muffled by thine acts !
Sure thou must dance on the Great Whirling Wheel
Till thou dost safely reach the centre spot.
Rejoice at sorrows ; welcome them much more :
Happiness or the reverse
Rests on thine own construction.
Sorrows in multitude are joys too great.
As double negatives only affirm,
So many sorrows can afford release.
Thou must the Flaming Forge and Anvil pass,
And thence merge Pure, Untainted, Uncorrupt !
REMEMBER, MISERY MAKETH A MAN !

R. B. PINGLAY.

ECHOES FROM NATURE

"The smile of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
We are nearer God's *home* in the garden,
Than anywhere else on Earth."

The shadow of noonday declining,
The linnet, the peak of it all,
Must in this world be dividing
The good from the bad in us all.

The causes that never know failure,
The wilds where the caribou stroll.
The forests that ring with laughter,
Oh, God! how they beckon my soul!

The river that ever was running,
The creeks that never were still,
The blue-jay caressed in humming,
The carol that has a thrill.

Wild roses that bloom in the summer,
Sweet pea-vine that tangles the shrouds;
The bees that are working in flowers,
Not always those dropping down.

These are the wards of the Maker,
Filling the hearts of their King;
Bowing their heads in slumber,
Asking His pardon for sin.

This earth, without its singers,
What a desert it would be,
For all those who linger
After charming melodies!

Oh, the beauty of the flowers,
And the rapture of the winds !
Can you resist these callers,
When tramping through the vines ?
W. C. POLLARD.

MY TASK

Let me fill a humble place,
I do not covet power ;
Some service of simplicity,
Like a silent wayside flower.

I seek not popularity,
Nor fleeting worldly fame ;
Satisfied to do my bit,
Although not known by name.

A worthy task is all I ask,
With joy the hours to fill ;
Contentedly, unselfishly,
To do God's holy will.

Let them who will, be famous—
Their task will soon be done—
Envy not their fleeting fame !

Live contented in God's lot,
" Casting all your care upon Him ;
For He careth for you ; "
Saying, " The smile of Contentment
Shall hollow the spot
Providence ordained for me."

W. C. POLLARD.

THE GLORIOUS PROSPECTS OF GOD'S PEOPLE

The happy time will surely come
When sin and strife will cease ;
And resurrection life prevail,
Through Jesus, " Prince of Peace."

He will destroy all death's domain,
All sorrow heal, and pain :
With loved ones who went Home before,
We shall unite again.

The deaf will hear the slightest sound ;
The dumb will sing and talk ;
The blind will God's great wonders see ;
With joy, the lame will walk.

All God's creation, visible,
Is beautiful and real ;
But He will in our Heavenly Home,
Far grander things reveal.

" That which was lost ", Christ will restore
By His redeeming might :
And we His lovely face shall see—
Oh, wondrous, holy Sight !

His gracious love will then our souls
Fill to the overflow ;
With one accord we'll sound His praise,
As ages by us go.

So for His sake endure the cross ;
Soon we shall lay it down :
Aspire to hear Him say, " Well done ! "
The faithful, He will crown.

REV. W. POWELL.

LINES ON A MIDDLE-AGED FACE

It really is an ordinary face—
Two eyes, a nose, a mouth, a pointed chin—
Where first unkindly frosts have left their trace
In silvered hair, and dulled and wrinkled skin ;
And lines of weariness and lines of care
Etched cruelly and clear by Time are there :
Yet like the Dryad, dwelling, tree-enshrined,
The Spirit that informs, transforms the whole.
In those familiar lineaments, I find
Uncurtained casements to a shining soul ;
As some must, in their mirrors, see and fear
The gargoyles of their twisted selves, so here,
More deeply chiselled than in flesh or bone,
Yet there revealed, is steadfast beauty shown.
Sorrow and loneliness and lost regret,
Pity and heartbreak, are the tools whereby
A soul was shaped to fairer symmetry,
Half seen, half hidden, till the bitter fret
Of life is done. But, waking or asleep,
In pain or peace, that countenance shall keep—
Waxing more radiant when ceases breath—
The vision that illumines its features, still,
When, carven marble, colourless and chill,
They lie in the calm loveliness of death.

M. D. PRESCOTT.

THE SONGS OF LIFE

What is life without a song ?

Sorrow cold and dark despair
Make the way seem hard and long,
Day a cross, and night a care.

But this world has pure sweet songs.

Seek ! you'll find them everywhere :
Not alone in wealthy throngs,
But with rags and feet all bare.

Now a Mother, sweet and kind,

Holds her boy in fond embrace.
Eyes alight with love divine,
Heart aglow with Heavenly grace.

Gaunt and hoary Grandsire, then,

Benediction in his eyes,
Smiles on golden summers ten,
Makes a toy, or plans surprise.

Watch two friends—just young men, bold—

Love a maiden sweet and fair :
Each from each the truth withholds—
One pretends he doesn't care.

See a couple, young and glad,

Loving hearts and willing hands :
Life grows hard ; now times are bad—
Acting, both, that all is grand.

Here a woman, sweet and pure,

Sees her mother racked with pain :
Gives her all—the gift means cure :
Hers the loss, but what a gain !

Songs like these each day we find ;
Songs of faith and hope and love ;
Songs of sacrifice divine,
Worthy of the choirs above.

ANNE PRIDMORE.

THE WHITE RHODO-BUSH

Some mornings since, when I awoke, awareness
Told by the laden press
Of my thudding bosom on the sheets,
Bodywarm and unbearable, told
Of approaching pain, by hurrying heart-beats.
Under my pulsing sole and palm, the cold
Of morning floors and stair-rail gave an omen
Of the ordeal coming.

I sought a kitchen window, where the wind fingered
My form as I lingered.
Then, I saw it—the white rhodo-bush ;
Passionately open, it gleamed palely,
Each petal creaming towards the heart, no blush
Stained the clean, unpassioned ivory :
Lovely to hurting. I hugged its beauty, stored it
Within, a God-given secret.

To-day, laburnum flings a golden chain
Against my window-pane.
I lie inert, calm from achievement ;
The gold from April's daffodils, gaping
Among their grey-green spears, has been lent
To gild these tiny, crowding lobes, draping
My blessed window. Beside me dreams a little head.
The rhodo-bush is dead.

MORIS SEYS PRYCE.

BEAUTY

Beauty is of the brain, not of the hand :
Not the crude workmanship of tools unskilled
Can mar the beauty in the Mind that planned
The perfect pattern : even unfulfilled
In stone or fabric, Beauty is not dead.
So twisted limbs, maimed lives, deformities
Of mind and body, are a mask we shed,
Not the design that the Great Artist sees.

M. D. PRESCOTT.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

Is this the front, the level sweep of life ?
Is this the clue to all our strife ?
Should our celestial soul, in mortal clay,
Be thus deep merged in agonies ?
Should this pantomime of a thousand by-gone glories
Still buffet mortal in the stormy bay ?
Should this pale phantom of delight
Dodge the innocent traveller till daylight ?
When pleasure and pain take the hour's watch by turns,
The rational sceptic doth make a mess.
Is this the front, the level sweep of life—
To live and die, fade into nothingness ?
Is this the front, the level sweep of life ?
Is this the clue to all our strife ?

C. PUNUSHOTHAM.

MEMORIES

There's nothing in this world for me
But my fond memories of you
Mem'ries of those forgotten days
When you were fond and true.

The Summer days shall come again
And bring with them both joy and sun,
But there's no happiness for me
Till all those memories are gone.

But when will those dear mem'ries fade?
When will they leave my mind?
Never, till in the grave I'm laid,
All sorrow left behind.

I'll cherish those fond memories
Of days that now are past and gone,
When you are far away from me
Living in distant foreign land.

I know you have forgotten me,
For life holds sweeter dreams for you;
But there's nothing in this world for me
But my fond memories of you.

M. REDMOND.

UNKNOWN

All is quiet and still:
Earth sleeps as though her life
Is at an end,
As though she had no thoughts
Of love to send,
But still remain in silence.

Trees pay their tribute to Romance,
While shadows on the waters dance,
In silent sweet repose ;
Till Nature shields herself in glory,
To leave a long deceiving story,
With Fate's own mighty hand.

No life could ever wish to take
Romance and leave it to its Fate,
While peace in silence stays.
'Tis then that glorious symphony of life
Its sweetness plays—
I'll love thee ever.

Oh, joy of sweet and quiet repose,
As life draws slowly to a close,
Let me thy secrets know,
That I may silently enclose
The love in Nature's breast,
To rest, in peace alone.

Why haunt me with this silence,
And leave me lost with Love Divine,
Within the shadow of the Shrine,
Of Nature's wreathing beauty ?
Oh, let me roam far from the foam,
Where Death is Life's great Duty.

A. W. REECE.

LEAVE IT ALL TO GOD

Leave it all, my soul, to God,
He will bear for thee thy load ;
He the path of sorrow trod—
Leave it all to God.

For He knows it all, and nears
To thy side to banish fears,
And to wipe away thy tears—
Leave it all to God.

Surely thou canst clearly ken,
That He knows just where and when
To release thee—my soul, then
Leave it all to God.

Swifter than an eagle's flight,
Comes He to relieve thy plight ;
Oh, how blessed is the sight !—
Leave it all to God.

Not a fragment, but the whole,
Of the trouble of thy soul,
He will sink in Love's great pool—
Leave it all to God.

This the promise, "Trust and see :
As thy days thy strength shall be :"
Lifted is the load when we
Leave it all to God.

Saviour, at Thy feet I bow ;
Lowly, trustingly, I vow
That I do, both here and now,
Leave it all to God.

T. G. REED.

SUNSET

The sunset of the fading day
Glow in the western sky ;
The sun sinks low, and melts away,
To slowly die.

Oh, may the sunset of my life,
Like Days, be calmly fair,
And beautiful, to ease the strife
And drive away the care.

May someone watch my fading glow,
As I watch this to-night ;
And may they see, and seeing, know,
That I behold the Light.

And in my sunset, may there be
No dark'ning cloud to mar,
But one pure light like that I see—
The Evening Star.

KENNETH ROBINSON.

GREY SKIES

Though skies are overcast with grey,
Though dark and dreary is the day,
I know above the leaden grey
Are skies of blue.

Though rain may fall, and fog may hold
A ghastly vigil, dank and cold,
I know that rays like bars of gold
Are shining, too.

I like the grey skies now and then,
It makes the blue skies bluer, when
The grey has gone, and once again
The sun shines through.

KENNETH ROBINSON.

LIFE WITHOUT HEALTH

Courage to face life without health !
I pray for this more than I do for wealth ;
Ability to go along the road,
With daily strength to carry my own load.

My health is gone, and I am left without
The chief asset in life, without a doubt.
Each day requires afresh some heavy task
Of my tired body that's too much to ask.

Folk look with scorn upon a woman frail,
If in her household duties she doth fail ;
But I with strenuous work at once fall ill,
And then for days my tasks cannot fulfil.

I'm lazy, let them think, if they desire—
For base opinions cannot cause me ire ;
If God cures not, then He'll take me away,
Give rest unto this worried, painful clay.

But to give in and die, is not my plan ;
I still will try to live this life's brief span ;
Each day, with God's help, I'll try to acquire
The precious health which I so much desire.

LOUISA I. ROCHE.

THE AGNOSTIC

Gloomy, absorbed, cold,
Young, yet seeming so old,
The agnostic paced his lawn
One flaming June morn.

Dark and hostile was his mind,
To nature, in her beauty, blind ;
No love, no adoration, filled his eyes.
He saw not the noble glamour of the skies,

Nor felt the scent of flowers
From sweet Eglantine bowers,
Nearby, a belt of trees swaying in the breeze,
And busy swallows building 'neath the eaves,

The sun rising higher,
Gilding tall poplars with fire,
The twitter of birds in strife
Waking the sleeping dawn to life.

These beauties of the earth,
To his heretic mind, had no worth.
No divine hand planned her hills—
Mere chance fashioned her valleys and rills.

He strolled on with lowered head,
And paused beside a flower-bed
Of tall, slender lilies, virgin white,
And crimson poppies bathed in light.

A tremor passed through him ; he drew nearer
To see the flowers, with vision clearer :
He was as one, who wakes from death,
Standing self-accused, drawing deep breath.

He threw his cap down, and cried,
"There is a God, Whom I denied!"
He lifted his radiant face, with a sob of joy—
"*I believe in God!*" he said, "as I believed when
I was a boy."
LILLA ROE.

SILHOUETTE

Across the lake a rippling flicker gleams
Of dying radiance. An owl screams
In mournful cadence—swift, a brush of wings,
While a light soft fan of scented night air wing;
The unreal haunted world in twilight bound
With dreams abroad. . . .
But comes the sudden sound
Of hoof-beats, striking sharp on stony ground,
And from the sunset glow shows bleak and grim
A lonely horseman on the world's rim.
HELEN ROYD.

MORNING GLORY

Bird tracks in the dew-strung grass
A cool wind wimpling down the glass
Of water's surface. Faint glad cry
Of lark high-mounting to espy
The march of Morning, in full pride,
Up eastern hills with dauntless stride.

Listen! A note more felt than heard,
A far proud call, while something stirred. . .

A pause, a hush, the world in thrall,
Intent, expectant to the call,
Breathless, suspended, spell-bound, tensed
To that pulsing note most strangely sensed
While pale translucence slowly glows
With warmer tinge. A breathless pose. . . .

Swift—one great sigh—the whole world thrills
As Morning steps to the distant hills,
And, with proud toss of glorious mane,
Casts beaming glance on His domain.

HELEN ROYD.

LIFE'S TRYST

"Give me a tryst," she said, "with tuneful life.
Caught in a maze to which I seek the clue,
I walk confused and dumb, midst senseless strife.
Soft music in my heart with cadence true
Enchants me, and beguiles my willing ear ;
Its sweet insistent tones pulse through my fear.

"My tryst is yours," it sings, "since time remote.
I am the beat of your rebellious heart
That, moaning, twangs heart-strings of tuned note.
I am supreme in Nature's lovely art,
Though prison'd fast in you : for Man, grown free
In Eden's gate, betrayed himself, and Me.

"Mine is the muted song so sweet. If fear
Untunes your voice in answer, threats to mar
With its discordancy my Heavenly choir,
Re-learn your notes from Nature's orchestra,
Long ages past I graved them on your soul
To meet this day : now read the blameless scroll."
Glad music rose and swelled within her breast ;
It was her heart's true rhythm keeping tryst.

G. RIDEOUT ROWE.

GOD IN NATURE**PART I**

Seest thou the butterfly, with its painted wing ?
Hearest thou the nightingale, that sweet music sing ?
Seest thou the rose so red, with its fragrance sweet ?
Seest thou the grass so green, growing 'neath your feet ?

Seest thou the mountain-tops tow'ring to the sky?
Seest thou the plains so vast, that underneath them lie?
Seest thou the rivulet running to the sea?
Seest thou those animals grazing on the lea?

Seest thou, then, all these things? Would'st thou ask
for more
To convince thee of a God Who loves both rich and poor?
God, we see in all these things—God Who made the sea,
God Who made the Universe, and made both you and
me.

God's the Giver of all good seen in Spring and Fall:
Say'st thou, then, with doubting heart—
"There's no God at all?"

PART II

Ah! we see Him everywhere—in the sunshine and the
show'rs;
We see Him in the raindrops, in the fragrance of the
flow'rs;
In the beauty of the blossoms, and the greenness of the
grass;
In the sweet scents borne to us by the breezes as they
pass.

Who can fail to see Him, if they seek and look for long?
The birds, in thrilling measures, loud proclaim Him in
their song:
Their music bringing pleasure to our hearts both day
and night,
In no uncertain measure show the Source of their de-
light.

Oh ! there's joy and gladness round us, if we'll ope our
eyes to see !

The earth is full of treasures found in blossom, bush and
tree :

They're here to teach us lessons of our Maker, kind indeed.
Who enriches us with blessings and supplies our every
need.

We can always see Him near us, if we have the eye of
Faith,

We can find Him daily by us—He's in Birth and Life
and Death.

God's Wonder-book of Nature lies wide open all the day
And we but need to read it, to find out Life's perfect way.

C. E. ROBOTHAN.

THE WATER-LILY

I watched a lily waken on my pool
And gently rock : as from her heart of gold
She loosed the guarding petals, strong and cool,
I longed to cull her for myself . . . to hold.

My lily clasped her petals to her breast,
And hid her golden heart from prying eyes.
Ah ! woe is me that she should fear my quest,
My gaze so chaste, so ardent . . . yet she dies !

But no ! She only sleep : and memory's art
Still rocks her on the pool that is my heart !

G. RIDEOUT ROWE.

GOLDEN THINGS

The sun, the monarch of the sky :
That golden glitt'ring jewel on high—
Its rays illumine all the earth :
The night's its death, the day's its birth.

The wonder of the moon at night !
And yet the clearness of its light
Reflected is from kingly sun :
That beauteous, that gorgeous one !

So we, by doing golden deeds,
By kindness shown, by love, must needs
Into the lives of others bring
Full happiness and joy therein.

And if we wear a smiling face,
And all our troubles do replace
By cheerfulness—we'll, like the sun,
Reflect our joy on those with none.

And life, with chances wonderful ;
With opportunities so full !
Alas ! they fly away so soon :—
As short as night, as quick as noon.

These chances rare, like golden gems
Are fix'd in the diadems
Of daily life, and, grasped, they'll e'er
To us a golden harvest bear.

R. G. SAYERS.

NIGHT

Night wings
Are soft and sleepy things ;
Night wings
Droop with the fragrance a flower brings.

Night eyes
Are round, and filled with calm surprise ;
Night eyes
Are big, but wondrous wise.

Night sound
Is deep, and in a mystery bound ;
Night sound
Is startling, yet with silence round.

Sound, eye and wing,
Make night a friendly thing.

JANE SMART.

BEAUTY

When Beauty came,
Words trembled, failed, and fled
Before its ultimate, eternal flame ;
And thoughts themselves were put to shame—
Seemed old and worn and dead,
When Beauty came.

Within the impulse of a flower
She dwelt ; within the inspiration of an hour
With solitude. With sunsets and with night
She was communed ; and with the glowing light
She walked, clear, pure and bright. ,

When Beauty left,
A void, unutterable with fears,
Bitterness, too deep for tears,
Descended with a pain, that, numb
And dark, could see no happiness to come.
Life was bereft
When Beauty left.

JANE SMART.

THE SUNBEAM

I saw a sunbeam dancing,
Mingled with myriads of dust motes,
And in that sunbeam, floating,
A land to mankind yet remote.

The mysterious cities shining
With silver streets, with countless men ;
The ivory housetops gleaming—
Reminders of our future Heaven.
Insects of the neuroptera class
Wing o'er the necropolis of the saints,
And these, like mystic gods, amass
Prayers, sighing and lament.

Bluebells in the woods peal,
Jessamine sheds her enchanting fumes ;
Round them fiery moths and fairies reel,
Filling the dales with echoes.

A huge-eyed monster creeps,
With silvery fur coat and long tail ;
But soon, with laziness, he falls asleep
Beside the imprisoned snail.

Midst these new-born sights,
Our departed dead flit, with ethereal hue,
Across the perfumed ether of morning bright,
To bathe in Heaven's icy dew.

But the sunbeam vanished
As the sun rose high in the sky,
And all its mighty charms I cherished,
Died—so one day will you and I.

LLOYD BARRINGTON SMITH.

YOUTH

I'll keep my youth as long as I can,
For youth is bright and gay ;
But I'll work and play like a grown-up man,
And always I'll earn my pay.

I've kept my youth as long as I could,
For mine and everyone's sake.
Youth laughs at falls, still tries to make good,
For youth is alert and awake.

But youth disappears as the shade of age
Creeps over the form and face ;
The World expects one to grow like a sage,
And give up the struggle and race.

So I'll give up my youth quite, silently now,
For the outside world to see,
But my heart and mind, till I make my bow,
Shall be young—for youth is still me.

J. N. SNOW.

TO VENUS

Hail to thee, Venus, brilliant evening star,
Whose distance reaches to the infinite ;
Whose steely light lures many a saunterer far,
And bids him feast on wonders of the night !

Hail to thee, Venus, Guide of Destinies !
Does mortal man interpret thee aright ?
And hast thou power over dynasties ?
And can'st thou order kingdoms by thy might ?

Hail to thee, Venus, Goddess of the Sky,
Whose beauty thrills the thinkers and the seers !
Yet lowly folk look, too, and see thee high,
Thou who art first and foremost of thy peers.

Hail to thee, Venus !—We would have thee be
Silent, mysterious, a heavenly tower
To lure us oft by shore or over lea,
And bid us dream and ponder o'er thy power.
J. N. SNOW.

LOVE

If Love uplifts in every way,
And makes me nobler day by day,
Then every hour I'll humbly pray
For gift of love.

If Love can give a loftier mind
And make my thoughts all pure and kind,
Then every hour I'll try to find
The path of love.

If Love makes me a truer friend,
And charm and truth together blend,
Then every hour be this my end,
The quest for love.

If Love helps me to understand,
And lend to friendless ones a hand,
Then every hour, through every land,
I'll seek for love.

If Love me nearer draws to God,
And sets me on the path He's trod,
Then every hour I'll gladly plod,
And gain true love.

Yea, Love is this, and more, to me.
My heart is bound, yet oh, how free!
In spite of pain, I'll happy be,
Because I love.

VENETIA STAMBO.

WHAT I WANT

You ask me what I want, my dear—
Can I say ?
I want to have you always near,
Every day.

I only want you, only you,
Nothing more ;
Then I can have my Love so true
As of yore.

VENETIA STAMBO.

WHEN FEAR DEPARTS*A Vision*

I stood by the sea at Midnight,
And I heard the breakers roar,
And I thought of that awful morning
When time shall be no more !

I wondered where then should I be,
When the sea gives up its dead ?
Should I be among the ransomed,
Or long to hide in dread ?

Dare I face that Light Eternal ?
Should I see that Burning Bliss,
And hear the Father's "Welcome Home,"
And feel His pardoning kiss ?

Then I felt that I was all alone,
While the surge before me rolled,
And the darkness and silence chilled me
In a world that seemed grown cold

With emptiness. Oh, the awful void,
Of an unpeopled universe !
Not even a dog to speak to !
I felt that I must immerse

In the deep dark waves before me,
When—I saw on a path of light,
A Form' Radiant treading the billows—
Gone was the gloom of night !

Brooding there over the waters,
As broods o'er her chicks a hen,
Tremulous with a yearning love,
Came One—the Light of men ;

And I seemed to hear His Voice say,
“ Ne'er more shalt thou be alone ! ”
Then the darkness lost its terror,
And the night-wind lost its moan.

RHODA STARKEY.

FRIENDSHIP

You are my friend.
I need not weigh my words for you,
For in the end
You'll sift out what you think is true
In anything I do or say—
In kindness, throw the rest away.

MABEL STATHAM.

DEMOLITION

White dust rising . . . the crash of falling bricks,
A naked wall shows stark against the sky ;
Metallic rhythm of the workmen's picks—
Must we two pause to watch an old house die ?

Blue wall-paper, with flowers and twisted knots ;
A rusty grate, iron girders bare—
Did lovers once sit there and weave love-plots ?
And is it sacrilege for us to stare ?

How many babes first saw the light of day
Shine through that shattered window there,
Blinking their eyes against the sun's bright ray,
Drooping their petalled lids in slumber fair?

Did Death e'er spread her wings and take a soul
That maybe greatly needed quiet?
White dust rising . . . an old house pays the toll;
More crashing bricks, more noise and riot!

MABEL STATHAM.

JUST YOU

When you are silent, you say most to me;
Like to a tree that rustles not its branches, but gives
rest and shade,
So you are made.

When you are lonely, you seem so very near;
And as a flower in darkness makes its presence known by
perfumes rare,
I feel you there.

When you are sad, I know your unshed tears
Are hiding as dew hides down in the heart of that un-
folding rose—
God send repose!

When you are gay—ah! then the light of day,
The sun, the moon, and all the wondrous glory of the
smiling earth,
Can't match you, birth.

MABEL STATHAM.

AUTUMN

The darkness was creeping out of the wood,
The mist enveloped us, a fairy cloak ;
And all was hushed and silent where we stood
Awaiting Autumn's coming . . . neither spoke.

For Autumn comes in quietly—she knows
How sad we feel at Summer's going ;
We cannot sing our requiem to the rose,
And feel so much, without her knowing.

'Tis, then, she flings her crimson toadstools at our feet ;
All in a night, they come in emerald setting,
Flesh pink and amber, topped, with pleated linings neat—
She laughs to think we waste our time regretting.

While into golden paint her brush she dips,
And burnishes the bracken and the beech,
Touching her creeper leaves with scarlet lips,
Breathing the bloom on to the grape and peach.

She works till darkness creeps back to the wood,
Softening the shadows into evening mist,
Weaving her silver cobwebs where we stood
And thought upon her coming . . . where we kissed.

MABEL STATHAM.

SHIPS

Above me hangs a wind-blown sky,
Below, a silver-rippled sea,
Where fleecy images flit by,
Like phantom ships, eternally.

And yet these ships have never brought
A loved one back again to me ;
Each ship is but a golden thought
Borne on the tide of memory.

R. BRUCE STEWART.

ARTEMIS

Along a road of silver sheen
I stroll, with wonder-filling eyes,
As gold-crowned Artemis, proud queen,
Rides on in state across the skies.

Her regal garments, azure-decked,
Which form the canopy of night,
With opalescent gems are flecked,
To make her glory still more bright.

Yet, in her grand triumphant ride,
This golden goddess of the sky
Doth, for a time, dismiss her pride
To kiss the earth in passing by.

R. BRUCE STEWART.

EVENING'S DESTINY

Evening ! draped in a gown of nature's shimmering silver,
mystic blue—
Rich effect, a cloak of deepest golden hue,
Blushing, pink-tinted, deepening to a rose—
All unconscious of thy celestial pose.

Proud, beautiful, in thy splendour, a dream,
Like to a woman, slave to Dame Fortune's whim,
Commanding beauty's birthright, admiration,
Dost thou not crave a lover? were thou not born to be
kissed, fair one?
For love, a tiny seed that grows, blossoms out and lives,
When all the world is dying.
Aye ! Aye ! as though—ah, sacred thought—they take a
vow,
The whispering winds are sighing.

List ! what is that, a footfall, a breath?
Or is it the wind that doth blow? Ah, no !
'Tis Night in his dark mantle, with a myriad of lights, the
stars aglow,
Telling of pent-up passions, revealing a soul anew.
He is here !—with an escort—that courier, the Moon,
Bravely shining, to guide his monarch in twilight gloom—
Softly treading, seeking romance, choosing a mate to woo.

Ha ! sweet maiden, with thy million charms,
Surrender content to lie like a rapture, in betrothal arms !—
Hence, oh, perfect gift of love, a child, so fair to look upon
is born !

The heavens weep—their glistening pearl-shaped tears, the
dew is strewn ;
Smiling Nature awakes, adorns her morning robes
Of woven gossamer, by fairy fingers sewn,
And, gently embracing, fondly caresses, christens the
infant, Dawn.

EDNA A. STIRK.

MOTHER, THE SWEETEST NAME ON EARTH

Mother, the sweetest name on earth,
What has it meant to me ?
A halo of love from the day of my birth ;
And down through the years of sorrow and mirth,
Her love has encompassed me.

When, in childhood days, she would join in our play,
My heart was filled with glee,
For I was always so proud of her,
When Mother would play with me.

And when twilight came, with the lights turned low,
Mother cuddled me to her breast,
And sang to me a sweet lullaby
Of beautiful creatures, with gauzy wings,
Who watched over me in my rest.

And as years passed by, and I had to face
Life's stern realities,
I would come to her, as in childhood days,
And rest my head on her knees ;

And she'd cuddle me close in her arms, again,
As she sat in her big arm-chair—
" Oh, Darling, take it all to Him—
Take it all to Him, in prayer ! "

Her memory now remains with me,
As a beautiful fragrant flower ;
It fills all my heart, and all my life,
And sweetens every hour.

Mother, the sweetest name on earth,
What has it meant to me ?
A halo of love from the day of my birth,
On down to Eternity.

MAY STRATTON.

A DREAM

From out the bowels of the dark-blue night,
Smit with ten thousand shadows, grimly dight,
The vision of my aged grandsire came,
Resplendent, lily-hued, and wing'd as Fame.
The self-same smile and fond regard he showed,
As when, upon his lap, I firm abode—
As in a hold own'd by those chiefs of yore,
The Nabob race of Arcot—they that bore
Imperial sway o'er all the South of Ind—
Of whom his songs were thrilling as the wind
That screams in the waste upon a frosty clime—
And brimming sympathy and air sublime,
Were painted on his brow, with colours sweet—
Like rainbow hues that, after clouds, do meet,
And pour their fill upon the meadows gay,
Or as the rays of early dawn in May,
When all the landscape, hills, and fields and streams,
Are smiling still with Sol's fresh-crowning beams—
But, when I stood in admiration wrapt,
The vision fled, and me in sorrow lapt.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a Heaven's dow'r,
Like the light of sun or moon ;
Its effulgence has such pow'r
As the full meridian noon.

Friendship is a noble tree,
Whereon bird affection sings ;
Patience, peace, gentility,
Forming its cool wat'ring springs.

Friendship is a stately rock,
Standing on foundations deep—
Whirlwinds' care or Misery's stock,
Breathing on it their wild sweep.

Friendship is a goodly flow'r,
Casting rich and sweet perfume ;
Never marr'd by storm or show'r,
Always resting in full bloom.

Friendship is a gentle rite,
Ne'er disturb'd by cataracts ;
Nor fitful burst nor headstrong will,
Healthy flow thereof distracts.

Friendship is a kindly nurse,
Dangling tenderly her care ;
Who most gently doth rehearse
All her admonitions fair.

Friendship is a priceless gem
Set in bright eternity ;
Waves of time cannot condemn
It to mortals' obloquy.

Scorn not friendship's holy theme,
Like the air and light, 'tis free,
To the mighty and supreme,
As to humblest peasantry.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

TO MY DECEASED MOTHER

Art thou a luminary great,
Whose place is the celestial sphere?
And hold'st thine office in like state,
As thou comforted'st thee whilst here?

Or art thou some supernal power,
Whose influence in time and space
Extends o'er every plant and flower,
And generations vast, and race

Of humankind, and earth and air,
And birds and beasts and fishes' store,
Through the world's circuit, everywhere,
Through all creation more and more?

Whate'er thou be, whate'er thy name—
Whether an angel calm and bright,
Breathing above, high Heaven's fame,
Or goodly star with gentle light—

Of this be sure, your gracious acts,
Though circumscrib'd 'n age and clime,
Are yet approvedly strong facts
To sound thy praise, and so sublime

Thy estimation in broad place,
Ard long-sustain'd eternity,
Breathing through æons roundelays
Of lofty passions' subtlety !

How oft have I, O mother, dear,
Thought of thy worth in calm or storm,
Whether I sit in anxious fear
Of lurking evils, multiform,

Or, in deep meditation cast,
Devise great things in aim and scope,
Or, brooding o'er afflictions past,
Knit in Great Providence my hope !

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

TO A YOUNG MAID

A blessed fate is thine, fair maid !
In innocence so nurst,
How holy are thy joys bewray'd,
How healthily they burst !

No languor sits upon thy brow,
No timid sense forlorn ;
All thine is evidence enow
Of hope, of vigour born.

Full sacred is thy trust in Heaven,
Thy transports radiant are ;
Nor in tny heart's the slightest leaven.
Of gloom or blank despair

While such pure thoughts and rays sublime
Of happiness are thine,
No passion's spell, e'er wrought by time,
Thy peace can undermine.

But one deep doubt doth sway my breast :
As unmix'd bliss is rare,
As none of earth is solely blest,
Or free from pain or care,

Wilt thou preserve tranquillity
Throughout thy days of life?
And will no littleness get thee
When thou becom'st a wife !?

But such unholy thoughts, avaunt !
For, gentle maid, thy mind
Is such a force as can enchant
The most insensate kind.

Or if, in single blessedness,
It were thy lot to be,
E'en then, dear maid, not heaviness,
But peace, will pilot thee.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN

A SONNET ON "BREAKERS OF PROMISES"

I know not man with thoughts so foul of hell,
As they who do not their engagements keep !
As Sirens, these, with sweet-tongu'd blandishments,
Their pliant victims lure, or like the fell
Seducing ghost that, to the silent dell,
Victorious draws its prey, in view to steep
The poor wayfarer in the awful deep,
So these foul fiends their suitors' hopes repel.

To straight refuse to grant a boon were kind ;
Which act, though cruel seems, has merit still,
Not make-believe, where nothing is to bind ;
And, in effect, displays a strength of will,
Though it mayn't be to sympathy inclin'd ;
But breach of faith breeds hate and all that's ill.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL ?

How she comes apparell'd
In vivid green and gold,
With diamonds enamell'd,
Like night with stars untold !

She is styled the Moon-Bright—
Oh, inappropriate name !
Darkness is her birth-right—
An unchallenged claim !

Like a villain's motions,
Her gait and actions are ;
But her feignèd notions
Are grand beyond compare.

Always she doth angle
For hearts that she has wrong'd ;
But in mind doth wrangle
With what to reason 'long'd.

Ever and anon she
Spreads out her web complete,
Waiting e'er with wily
And wicked glance to meet

Certain persons destin'd
To fall within her maze,
Purposely determin'd
To work them full amaze.

Call her not a beauty—
The beautiful is pure ;
Holy 'tis, and lofty,
And scorns external lure.

Lavishness in dresses,
Extravagance in speech,
Emblems are of meanness
The devil's school doth teach.

K. P. SUBRAHMANYAN.

LABORARE EST ORARE

(To Labour is to Pray)

One day I chanced to find myself among
A busy, bustling, surging city crowd—
The rich, the poor, the humble and the proud—
A never-ceasing, eager, anxious throng,
And, as they hurried, hustling me along,
All with the same activity endowed,
I wondered what they sought with clamour loud,
And questioned, could it be they toiled for wrong?
But as the evening came, I often passed
A happy home where little children played,
And where I learned why all this toil began.
Then having reached my humble home at last,
I lay me down to rest, and softly prayed,
"Thank Heaven !—to-day I toiled with brother
man."

HENRY CHARLES SUTER.

MY PILOT

I watched two tiny stars
Gleaming through the night,
And wondered whence they came,
Beaming there so bright :
They shone out from above,
Lest I should stray,
And, wandering afar—
Should lose my way.

I watched two little eyes,
Fraught with love divine,
And wondered whence they came,
Peeping into mine :
They came from Heaven above,
Lest I should roam,
And, losing such a love—
Forget my Home.

HENRY CHARLES SUTER.

THE COMING STORM

The trees are silent, and hold their place—
Their very depths are still ;
Their leaves are drooping down with grace,
Along the beachen rill.

The violet droops her shrinking flower,
The daisy closes hers ;
The gentle rose must sense the shower,
And darkly seem the firs.

The birds have ceased their singing,
No flutt'ring wing we see ;
You'll find them 'round t'he nestling shrinking—
In its hive, the honey-bee.

The fauna all have taken flight
To some deep silent glen,
To there await the coming night,
'Mid moss, and fern, and fen.

The sun is sinking, sullen-red ,
In sky of soldier-grey,
As if he seeks, in solemn bed,
To chase his wrath away.

And now a change—the slightest wind,
The slightest far-'way roar !
The very hill has seemed to find
Her voice lost long before.

And now the sun has gone to rest,
Nor moon nor stars appear :
But, thoughtful, we must make the best,
For now the storm is here.

C. E. SUTHERLAND.

LOVE, LAUGHTER, AND TEARS

I walked in a garden of roses,
My thoughts, alone, with you ;
I hoped that you would love me—
You vowed you would always be true.
The sunbeams danced in that garden fair,
The birdies all sang without a care ;
Life was laughter, a song was my heart—
We two never, no, never, will part.

We strolled by the stream in the moonlight,
Each sang our little song ;
To the echo of our laughter,
The chilly air glowed warm.
No shadow crossed life's silv'ry stream—
Flow on, flow on, love's golden dream !
I sigh, sweet memories to recall—
You will remember, remember them all.

I sit, alone, in the twilight,
And think of a "might have been" ;
The shadows from the firelight
Bring yet another scene—
Only to fill my heart with fears,
My eyes well up, o'erflow with tears.
Then I dream, and my soul wakes up anew
When the angels shall wing me across to you.
H. DUNDAS SWAN.

THE ECHO

I, too, am weary and ill at ease,
And thoughts won't turn to things that please ;
There's a jar within that clings to-day—
I'm out of tune just all the way.

Tired in body, tired in thought—
Seems everything so dearly bought ;
I've rested, but gained no repose,
Throughout conflicting things arose.

And now, at eve, I, wearied out within,
To end the strife, scarce know where to begin :
'Tis time and things that hover so around,
The tense reliving, covering old ground !

Such things as have no sound, yet shout !—
And yet I would not cast it out,
This pulling hard against the stream—
The passing show of sign and scene.

Were I to lose this thread of life,
Entirely lose this inward strife,
What's ill might grow and fetter me
Away from better things to be.

So, inwardly, I seek again
The lost note of that sad refrain ;
I know it's only borne away,
And will return some future day.

If I but touch, though with no artist skill,
That sound, hear it again, when all is still,
I know the song will supersede my art,
And surely echo back that mutual part.

And now the sun, it sets more fair ;
And calm the night, though chill the air ;
More tranquil thoughts my being shares
When I kneel to God, and know He cares.
M. SYMONDS.

HEARTS OF EMPIRE

Ye loyal sons of England,
Of Scotland, and of Wales,
Ye patriots of Ireland, up !
With faith that never fails.

Lift high, ye sons of Empire,
The Flag of Hope unfurl'd,
Till sounds of peace and concord sweet
Flash round a mightier World.

Come, Charity, and lend a hand,
To bring the nations nearer,
When enmity shall cease to reign,
And friends will be the dearer.

Three cheers for home and Empire,
And Sovereign King, renew !
Three cheers for Hope and Charity,
And Faith to help us through !

When every nation joins in heart,
And hastens to the call,
To bring glad peace to all the World,
Three cheers for one and all !

E. TAIT.

THE UNCHANGING ONE

Great God and Father, now
We in Thy presence bow,
And praise Thy great and Holy Name,
That Thou art aye the Same.

Because Thou changest not,
We are not soon consumed,
But prove Thine everlasting Grace,
To run the Heav'nly race.

'Tis Thine unchanging love,
Shower'd on us from above,
And shed abroad within our hearts,
By God the Holy Ghost.

'Tis Thine unchanging pow'r
Which keeps us every hour,
Amid temptations and our trials,
And shows us e'er Thy smile.

'Tis Thine unchanging Grace
That shows to us Thy Face;
And in Thy Grace we do recline,
To rest in peace sublime.

RUPERT C. THOMAS.

SCOTLAND

Let Yankees sing of their gangsters bold,
Or of putting 'you on the spot';
Oh, let them sing of their bags of gold,
And of everything they've got.

But let me sing of a country fair,
Where heather and bluebells grow,
Where skylarks sing high in the air,
And cattle are browsing below.

You can travel the earth and ocean wide,
From the North to the southern sphere,
But you'll never rival the banks of the Clyde,
In the Springtime of the year.

Oh, yes, let them boast of their skyscrapers high,
And their miles and miles of sand;
But the country where Burns first saw the sky,
Is the world's most beautiful land.

ROBERT F. TODD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

As I look from my cottage window,
Fair sight, indeed, I see—
A garden clothed in sunshine,
Flowers stirred by a summer breeze—

Not planted in perfect order,
Round lawns mowed level and smooth,
Not set in a prim little border,
But growing just where they please.

The air with their fragrance is laden,
As it gently blows in my face ;
While I admire from my window,
Nature's most exquisite taste.

For mine is an old-fashioned garden,
Filled with the sweetest flowers,
Growing in colourful medley,
With creeper and rose-tree bowers.

BEATRICE TOTTEN.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD

I have left my heart behind me,
In that humble cottage home,
From whence I've long been parted,
While the land and sea I roam.

'Twas there I spent my childhood—
Oh, those happy days of yore,
When I ne'er dreamed of leaving,
To return to it no more !

I can see the old folk standing
At each side of the door—
I ne'er thought when I was leaving,
That I'd see them never more.

After many years of travel,
I have visited it once more,
But strangers' feet have trodden
The familiar paths of yore.

And with strange eyes I'm regarded
By those I used to know ;
There is not a one remembers
Those days of long ago.

I will leave my heart behind me—
"Farewell, my little home!"
For I my path have chosen—
The seas and land to roam.

BEATRICE TOTTEN.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING

A soft Summer's evening, and the sun is low.
The calm, clear waters catch the crimson afterglow ;
Deep-set hedges and stalwart trees
Fitfully are fanned by a fretful breeze ;
Dazzling reds and misty blues
'Mid a thousand and one mysterious hues,
Drift and deepen and darken into night ;
Over and around all, the moon's mournful light.

The stir of a wild thing ; a peace that's profound,
Unsullied by the surge of ceaseless human sound ;
Blissful balm for a weary mind,
Tempest-tossed by a world not kind.
Here is for us, as twilight falls,
A greater thing than a pleasure that palls,
Calling and compelling, to walk where others trod,
Over and around all—the Presence of our God.

MARGARET Z. TUNNELL

THE CASTLE OF SUCCESS

We see the Castle of Success
It points high in the air ;
The path to it, we must confess,
Seems very clear and fair.

We start upon the open road,
With spirits light and gay,
Charged with a gladsome load,
And sunshine all the way.

There's Melancholy, Despair, and Gloom
Right in our path they tread ;
But Courage very soon makes room,
For Hope and Honesty, instead.

Around the bend we see the trail—
A steep hill is in sight ;
Courage, leading, cannot fail—
We can win the fight.

Onward, upward, still we climb,
The goal is yet in view ;
The sight we see is so sublime—
We rest beside a yew.

Marching, ever marching,
The years they come and go ;
And laggards die a-parching—
God has willed it so.

At last we reach the castle gates,
Our journey's end is o'er ;
We now have banished all the Fates—
We cry, " Excelsior ! "

PERCY VIVIAN.

WEEDS

Come here, O Mister Mower-Man, and bring your scythe
along.

You see this place you mowed last Spring?—well, every-
thing went wrong :

First, too much rain, then too much sun ; the weeds have
grown so tall,

That no one here believes me that the ground was cleared
at all !

The useless weeds, the fruitless weeds—I wonder why they
grow ?

The ugly clumsy things—what good are *they*, I'd like to
know ?

So slash them down, and smash them down, and kill them,
every one ;

Until you've hacked and chopped them all, don't say your
work is done.

But—wait a minute, Mower-Man—there's something I
forgot.

Three years ago, the weeds were very high in this same
lot ;

The snow lay deep that Winter, over all the grass and
ground,

And covered up the wild birds' food, for many miles around.

The little, frozen, starving things had vainly looked for
seeds,

And oh ! their joy on finding here, these blessed, blessed
weeds !

And, now that Winter's coming on, there might be just
such snow ;

So—never mind, O Mower-Man—we'll let the nice weeds
grow.

KATHERINE WALD.

TO A ROBIN IN A MARCH BLIZZARD

White flakes, swift flakes,
Pelting at your velvet head—
Did you think the Spring had come, O Robin in the snow?
March winds, cold winds,
Mocking, howling bitter winds,
Cruel, icy blasts that tear your feathers as they blow.
Round eyes, big eyes,
Eyes that speak bewilderment—
Don't you wish you'd stayed down south, O Robin in the
snow?

Red vest, black crest,
Spick and span for Summer dressed,
Huddled on the naked bough, a feathered ball of woe!
KATHERINE WALD.

THE HARVEST SIGN

The harvest lies in many fields
Along the countryside;
The reapers all have gone away
For now 'tis eventide.

The sun's reflecting rays have gone
Behind yon grassy hill;
The birds have flown to woodland vales
And all is calm and still.

The human life is slumbering on,
The toil of day is past;
And softly sleep the sheaves of corn
Until the morn is cast.

The reapers then will come along,
To gather in the sheaves :
Oh, what a joy the harvest brings !
A lesson it us leaves.

For we, as human creatures,
Are like the wondrous corn—
We're waiting for that Harvest
Which soon, we know, will dawn,

When the Great Lord of Harvest
Will dip his sickle here,
And reap the human cornfields
From the earthly care.

Oh, harvest, wondrous harvest,
From our Creator's Hand,
Make us for ever happy
In this beloved land !

J. A. WALDRON.

HILLS

Oh, how I love the hills !
My heart with gladness fills,
My soul just longs and thrills,
With thoughts of them :

At night-time when I sleep,
And when my dreams are deep,
I climb those hills so steep,
Those hills so dear.

Then when the morn doth break,
I see the hills that make
My dreams come true, and take
The gloom away.

But ah! what joys abound,
What peace! what thrills surround,
What comforts there are found,
When climbing them!

In summer-time you see
The hills—how blue they be!
They seem to beckon me
To go to them.

But winter comes: behold,
How dark they be!—and cold!
White mists around them fold,
And smother them.

But what a glorious sight,
When snow, so soft and light,
Makes them so dazzling white,
So wondrous fair!

And so I love the hills,
With all their joys and thrills;
And still my heart just fills
With thoughts of them!

ALLISON WATSON.

LITTLE SHIPS

Some day, pray God, we shall leave the towns,
With their hurry and strife and strain,
Where men for their living, forget to live,
In the endless fight for gain.
Once more we'll up anchor, with freedom to roam,
To sleep dreamily under the stars,
To awake each dawn to God's good day,
And feel that the whole world's ours.

Just a little ship on the open sea,
When she lifts like a colt at play,
With the dawn winds whistling through the shrouds
As they shriek, "This way! this way!"
Then the stinging kiss of the driven spume,
As it blows away to lee,
And the morning hush to await the sun—
Then, then we'll at last be free!

And when, at the end, old age creeps on,
And life will have lost its zest,
Let's hope we can meet the last big joke
With some sort of a sideways jest:
But, pray, let it be in a little ship,
By the winds and the waves caressed;
They will murmur, "Come, brother, come! What is
Death?

Just come to our arms and rest."

H. V. WELCH.

**DEAREST LILIAN
MY TWIN—HER VIOLIN**

Mute, here you lie !
For cold the hands, and still,
That once thy Soul awakened
At her will.

No longer supple fingers stray,
And from thy heart, with fond caress,
Draw music, soft and low ;
Or, pressure from the bow
Produce a deeper tone,
Sonorous, wailing, grave, or gay,
As fits occasion, day by day.

'Tis to the votaries who on thy altar
Lay their offerings, sweet,
Of constant, patient toil,
Thou gives the spoil—
Thy witchery :
Of such was She.

Mute ! voiceless ! dumb !
But to mine ear fond mem'ry brings
Forth many well-tuned strings,
The jocund dance, the laugh, a sigh,
Tender as lullaby
From gladdened hearts she drew sweet overtones
With bow of Love across Life's string,
A Melody, a lovely thing !

Remembrance hearkens, Dear ;
None tell the tale like thee ;
Blithe as a twittering bird,
Your jest and repartee.

Time ! 'tis a boon I crave of thee—
"Echo that Music, and that Voice for me,
'Till ringeth-in Eternity."

EDITH WHITBY.

GOOD-BYE ! ¹

Farewell ! how soon unmeasured distance rolls
Its leaden clouds between our parted souls !
How little to each other now are we !—
And once how much I dreamed we two might be
 To say good-bye—
To say good-bye to all sweet memories ;
Good-bye to tender questions, soft replies ;
Good-bye to hope, Good-bye to dreaming, too ;
Good-bye to all things dear—Good-bye to you !
With all good wishes, tears, a prayer, a sigh,
 I say Good-bye !

B. C. G. WHITLEY.

Found among the late Mr. B. C. G. Whitley's papers.

LOVE AND LIFE

In the "Play" of Life, with its Hopes and Fears,
Its Cares and Joys, and its Smiles and Tears,
There's many a sad part played on its stage,
From the Dawn of Youth to the Eve of Age.

For our daily bread is of such a fare
As graces the board or but leaves it bare :
And always and ever we blaze the track
That leads through the vistas and ne'er turns back.

"There's nothing but Bravery wins right through!"
We say as we go (is the lesson true?) :
With Love by our side, 'tis easy, perhaps,
To deal with the Sorrows, or stand the raps.

But can Bravery only, stand alone,
When we ask for bread and receive a stone?
When dear Love lies dead ere the battle's through,
Oh, what are we then in our need to do?

To guide them serenely, Life's battle through,
Thus only can those minus Love's aid do :
Ask Him in their souls to rekindle Love,
And so smooth their way to the realms above.

And the Father of Love, in His sweetest way,
Will come to our aid on the roughest day ;
Delete sad sorrow, give Love—Life anew :
Our souls in His care, we can battle through.

WILLIAM G. WILKIE

TO A VIOLET

Violet, in your mossy bed,
Lift your weary, purple head,
For the children, kneeling down,
Will want to see where thou art found.

Violet, in your shady spot,
To passers-by a purple dot ;
But thy sweet fragrance fills the air
And, tho' you're small, they know you're **there**.

Thou art the harbinger of Spring ;
Before the swallow mounts on wing,
Thou art seen in woods and dells,
Accompanied by the tall bluebells.

K. WILLIAMS.

SPRING

We welcome thee, thou blest of seasons,
Full of gladness, joy and mirth,
Pouring forth thy radiant beauty
On the waste and barren earth.

Now trees are dressed in vivid green,
The flowers again their beauty show ;
The lark on high is singing praises,
All other birds full gladness know.

All are happy on thy returning ;
The woods again are filled anew
With laughing, merry, ringing voices
Of children, who are happy, too.

K. WILLIAMS.

DEATH

Lo ! all is hushed within the walls,
No more her voice shall ring ;
The Silent Angel, Death, has called
Their pet away from suffering.
Silent o'er the peaceful earth,
Hand in hand, they roam,
Gliding o'er the moonlit sky,
To the Everlasting Home.

K. Williams.

SUNSET

The air is still ; across the silent hills
The sun is setting, and a misty light
Enwraps the grandeur ; while the trickling rills,
Though still I hear them, now are lost to sight.
Majestic in the distance rise the pile
Of mountains, peak on peak, their rugged heads
Uplifted to the heavens ; and all the while
The sky is changing—still more vivid reds
Appear, and mingle with the gold and green ;
And dark'ning blue of sky, as twilight creeps,
Is lightened by lone stars, which now are seen
Like watching eyes. A little rabbit peeps,
Then scurries back in fear. The quiet night
Seems hurrying on : a mist-like fabric,
Soft as thistledown, and silvery white,
Is cov'ring all beneath, as hen does chick.
The brooding stillness deepens : in the west
The sun has set : the moon its vigil keeps.
All animals and birds have gone to rest.
On high God watches—and the valley sleeps.

DORIS WILLIAMSON.

JUNE

Morn—and the wondrous hue
Of the Sun just rising !
Morn—and a flash of blue—
A kingfisher, diving !
Morn—a rose opening anew,
Her glory, reviving !

Night—and a fugitive moon,
Pale clouds flying !
Night—and the liquid tune
Of a nightingale, sighing !
Night—and a fragrant perfume—
The rose slowly dying !

ANN WILSMORE.

CUPID'S MAYING

Cupid goes a-maying
Some time in the Spring,
Down lovers' lanes a-straying :
His golden bow doth fling
A barbèd dart in every heart
He finds a-wandering !

Couples idly loitering
Down leafy lanes in Spring,
Beware ! lest, reconnoitring,
Cupid then doth sling
Well-aimèd shafts in both your hearts—
Love's same, sweet, bitter sting !

ANN WILSMORE.

WAITING FOR THE CALL

The Summer of my life is o'er ;
I'm sitting now on Autumn's shore ;
And soon the Winter blast will rise,
And waft me upwards to the skies :
And when I reach that golden shore,
I'll greet my loved one, gone before.
ANNIE L. M. WILSON.

THE GOSPEL FEAST

A feast ! a wondrous feast prepared !
A welcome sent abroad,
To come to tables richly spread.
With good things from our God.
True pleasures sweet and lasting joys,
A conscience set at ease,
Comforts, delights, sure promises
A heart that's ruled by peace.

Around the earth, and round again,
The invitation ring :
To great and small, to whole and maimed,
To beggars and to kings,
By word of mouth, by tuneful voice,
By paper, pen and ink :
Arise, while yet you have the choice
Come now, and eat and drink.

Ye timid ones, yes, you come, too—
 Come, cast away your fear ;
 Ye poorly clothed, He'll welcome you,
 And clothe you richly here.
 Unlearned or no^t, pray, come at once—
 Don't wish, then hesitate ;
 Ye tearful ones, ye burdened ones,
 Here, joys for thee await.

There's joy o'er everyone that comes—
 They're heartily received—
 Each one that from the world has turned,
 And on the Lord believed.
 Listen, my friend, He waits for you—
 Why will you still delay ?
 Why not to sin say now, "Adieu !"
 And join this feast to-day ?

JOHN WILSON, JNR.

OCTOBER

Cobwebs from fir-trees glist'ning,
 Birds, singing their last farewell ;
 Mist from the water rising—
 All under Autumn's spell.

Our two hearts were rejoicing
 As we rode in that early dawn ;
 Our two souls were united
 That glorious October morn.

N. M. WILTON.

MEMORIES

I saw your face in the fire, Dear,
That face I thought I knew ;
Then a coal fell down,
And it vanished—
Nothing was left of you.

I saw your face in the sea, Dear,
The calm and Summer sea ;
Then a wave swept o'er,
And I saw no more—
You had been parted from me.

I saw your face in a dream, Dear,
With eyes so bright and gay ;
Then they were gone,
And the dream was done—
Night had been followed by day.

I saw your face in the sky, Dear—
It was full of grief and pain .
Then lightning and thunder rolled up,
And your tears fell down like rain.

I saw your face in the tree-top—
The tall and stately pine—
The wind blew up, and the tree bent down,
And I knew that at last you were mine.

N. M. WILTON.

MOTHER

We may not all have wealth of gold
We may not all have fame,
Yet we are granted great or small
A mother, bless the name !
Though seas divide, and tempest^r rage,
That love will never wane ;
'Twill think of you as best of men
Though you be branded—Cain,
CONSTANCE M. WITCHELL.

BIG SEA WATER

Oh, you laughing big Sea Water,
Lightly lapping on the shore,
Is it true that in your fury
You wipe off another score ?
Big blue waves, with crests of whiteness,
Rolling tumbling in delight,
Does your love-rôle turn to hatred
In the darkness of the night ?—
When your calm and placid waters,
Whipped to madness in a gale,
Take their toll of helpless humans,
Caring not how loud they wail.

Have you moods of countless numbers ?
Are you shallow like your waves ?
Do you find your happy moments
Giving sailors watery graves ?

Oh, you angry big sea water
How I like to meet your wiles !.
When you think you have me beaten,
I can give defiant smiles.
Though your depths may drown my body,
And you claim me as your toll,
I can still afford to mock you—
Only God can claim my soul !

CONSTANCE M. WITCHELL.

**TIME OF COURTSHIP THEN WITH NANCY
OR
A ROMANCE RELATING TO THE
AMERICAN INDIANS IN THE U.S.A.**

Golden are the moments gliding,
Often spent with thoughts alone,
While the time goes on, fast sliding,
Midst long grass by mossy stone.
All the past I see in fancy—
See wild Redskins 'pon the trail,
Time of courtship then with Nancy—
Girl I met, once fragile, pale.

Guess I won't forget our wedding,
After, there in frontier town ;
Roughen'd blanket then for bedding,
Not a quilt or eiderdown.
Monster feast, a sort of party,
Held the morn I got firm wed,
While the good folk ate, each, hearty,
'Stead of looking much ahead.

'Though I'm feeble now, and doubled
 With rheumatics nearly bent—
 Ill at ease, and often troubled
 Over money lately spent ;
 Still at home awaits a treasure,
 Prize I value most of all—
 Lovely wife who brings me pleasure
 Midst the Spring or during Fall.

So at last, at curtain's falling,
 Hope we'll get both safe and sound
 'Mongst bright angels loudly calling,
 Far away from earthly ground,
 Close to big Throne, ever shiny,
 Where we'll see the folk we knew—
 Parents, brothers, sisters tiny—
 Far beyond the sky's bright blue.

THOMAS WOODS

THE CALL OF BEAUTY

Without thee, Beauty, what is Life?
 An empty, meaningless thing !
 But is there Beauty without Life?—
 A further questioning.

Is Beauty too fragile a thing to clutch
 In the hard worn toilers hand?
 Does it fall to pieces at the touch
 Of a rusty iron band?

Flee not from us in this hard world's hands,
 The touch of the beauteous true ;
 But bring to us, in our rusty bands,
 Some things of beauty, too.

So make room, more room, for beauty bright,
That in our hearts may glow
A fire to warm us with delight
When the lamp of Life burns low.

VOSIE W. S. YOUNG.

THOUGHTS ABOUT LIFE

Life's sun on us at times shines sweet,
And then we're full of smiles to greet ;
Life's rain at times makes us to soak,
And then we're full of tears to choke.

But it is ever Nature's way
To deck with different moods each day ;
For we need dewdrops to revive
The tendrils that do upward strive ;

'Tis true that we require the sun
To make in harvest-times the grain ;
But, too, we need the rain to soak,
Before we have the harvest folk.

And so we need sun, dew and shower,
If we are going to have the power
To grow up to a sturdy prime,
And bring forth fruit in God's good time.

VOSIE W. S. YOUNG.

